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SIXTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER - - EDITOR

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL: "Two Crimes and Their Punishment"—"Our Blue-Blooded Virgilia"—"When the Attractive Age Begins"—"Boss" Aldrich and His Methods"—"Author of 'Beulah' and 'St. Elmo'"	1-3
GRAPHITES	3
BROWSINGS IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP. By S. T. C....	3
FAREWELL, ARMENIA. Poem. By Henry Reed Conant	3
FROM THE GREAT WHITE WAY. By Anne Page.....	4
CHAMPION LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER	4
MEANDERINGS OF THEOPHILUS. By Himself.....	4
BY THE WAY	5-6
BOOK REVIEWS: "Roads of Destiny." By M. H. C.—"Death Valley Slim"—"The Land Lubbers"—"Lincoln's Love Story"—"Songs Everyone Should Know"—Magazines for the Month	7
MUSIC. By Blanche Rogers Lott.....	8
ART AND ARTISTS. By Rene T. de Quelin.....	9
PERSONAL AND SOCIAL. By Ruth Burke.....	10-11
DRAMA: "Our New Minister"—Novelties at the Orpheum—Offerings for Next Week—Asides.....	12-13
STOCKS, BONDS AND FINANCE	14-15

TWO CRIMES AND THEIR PUNISHMENT

TWO CRIMINAL cases that have attracted much public attention of late reached their climax this week and the penalties inflicted on the chief actors invite comment since their wide variance would seem to the unthinking to point to an excessive punishment in one case and inadequate justice in the other. For the crime of kidnapping Willie Whitla, James H. Boyle is sent to the penitentiary for life, his wife for twenty-five years, which by good behavior may be materially reduced. For the killing of William E. Annis, Peter C. Hains Jr. is convicted of manslaughter, with a penalty ranging from one to twenty years, sentence at this writing awaiting the action of the trial judge.

Doubtless, the superficial observer will be inclined to question the justice that puts a kidnaper behind the bars for the remainder of his actual life while awarding to the murderer of a fellow-being a penitentiary term that by good conduct may be diminished one-third. But in this apparent discrepancy really lies great sagacity. The spoliation of a home by Boyle and his wife, in the spiriting away of one of its ewe lambs, was a premeditated crime conceived in the foulest iniquity, since its object was the exactation of a heavy ransom from the agonized parents, whose hearts were lacerated with fear lest their child should suffer tortures at the hands of his abductors, as fiendishly threatened. That the boy was well cared for did not mitigate the enormity of the act; the mental sufferings of the parents could have been no more poignant if the lad really had been maltreated.

This, doubtless, was the mental reasoning of the statute makers in fixing the extreme penalty of the law at life imprisonment for the crime of abduction. That public clamor may have conspired to influence the trial judge unconsciously to the infliction of the severest sentence possible is not unlikely, but most parents will see in this instance a swift and just penalty. No matter how mildly the stolen child was treated, the terror inspired may be lifelong in its effects, while the shock to the father and mother can hardly be estimated.

In Captain Hains' case, evidently the jury did not find premeditation in the act, since it returned a verdict of manslaughter in the first degree. This was defined by Justice Garretson, in his charges, as killing on the impulse of the moment, in the

LOS ANGELES, MAY 15, 1909

PRICE TEN CENTS

heat of passion, or "because of a peculiar set of circumstances which confronts." For the verdict rendered the maximum penalty is twenty years in prison. Sentence is withheld until next Monday, but even if the limit is given Hains his good conduct can reduce the term to thirteen or fourteen years. Hains' plea of temporary insanity, about which so much nonsense has been uttered by hired counsel of late years for guilty clients, fortunately for society, was not considered. The "unwritten law" excuse apparently has run its course, and although, as one of the jurors admitted, there was no sympathy for Annis, the paramour of Hains' wife, and a victim of the husband's bullet, neither was there false sentiment for his slayer. On the whole, reviewing all the circumstances in both cases, the law seems to have been fairly and impartially vindicated.

OUR BLUE BLOODED VIRGILIA

TO BE twenty-two, to be a poet, to be named "Virgilia" and to be acclaimed "the most beautiful girl in the state," by the San Francisco Portola committee that made the selection, is the proud lot of Virgilia Bogue, who is to be queen of the projected Portola festival. Quite as usual, San Francisco, in this case, "represents" the entire state, but, as a matter of fact, Southern California's budding young womanhood never was sought in a quest for the "most beautiful" daughter. Perhaps it is just as well for San Francisco that the committee confined its researches to home products; only, we object to the airy appellation awarded. "Most beautiful girl" of San Francisco, if it pleases, but we draw the line at the larger claim. It cannot be substantiated—not if the photograph with which The Graphic has been favored is a "speaking" likeness.

Still, we are profoundly interested to know that Miss Virgilia is "statuesquely beautiful and talented, full of that dash and distinctness of personality that have made the women of the state famous." In her veins flows blue blood, too. The Bulletin, in an awed whisper, tells us that she is a direct descendant of the Norman lines of De Grasse and De Russell!

Mercy on us! That accounts for the Juno-esque beauty of Lillian Russell, doubtless. She, too, hath Norman blood coursing through her arteries, likely. What a team Virgilia and Lillian would make! But the California beauty is as talented as she is beautiful, mark you. She is a poet! She writes books! More, more to come! She eats no meat, she avoids broths, yet she is not a vegetarian, for she cares only for artichokes! Her friends say she lives on them! But, surely, that is an exaggeration, since she also likes fruit and nuts and "she has always had a great deal of milk!"

Think of it, you whose favorite vegetable is the succulent cabbage, or mayhap corn on the, or in the, ear! Nor cabbage, nor corn, nor yet green peas, nor string beans or broad ones, asparagus or Brussels sprouts tickles her taste. None of these plebeian dishes appeals to the palate of Virgilia, queen of California beauty, whose penchant is the high-priced artichoke, but whether of the Jerusalem variety or the American plant her biographers fail to apprise us.

It is announced that her new book is to be brought out by the Putnams this fall. Virgilia herself is found exclaiming with a joyous disregard for the niceties of the language, "I have got the title of my book!" Brrr! But why carp at superfluous gots in a girl that rides, hunts, swims, plays tennis, walks, makes artichokes her main article of diet and writes poetry! We are obliged to confess that the example of her muse coming under our ken does not inspire us to great enthusiasm, but perhaps she overslept that morning or, perchance, her artichoke breakfast palled, thus causing her verse to wobble.

No matter. A queen with the blue blood of a De Grasse and a De Russell has been chosen,

and we of the south hasten to lay our homage at her feet, whose pink toes once splashed water in the eyes of Prince George of Greece that day in 1906 when she was swimming alone in the bay of Athens. Here is our eternal fealty to Virgilia, Queen of the Portola festival! May she never choke over one of the oval scales of her favorite article of food and may that blue blood of hers never get thinner by reason of her continual sustenance from the pale purple leaves of her preferred vegetable.

WHEN THE ATTRACTIVE AGE BEGINS

OUT OF THE MOUTHS of babes and sucklings fall words of great wisdom or, at least, one young woman is so near a babe that her utterance suggests the words of the Psalmist. We refer to the sapient observation of the eighteen-year-old bride of Samuel Eberly Gross, the real estate poet and dramatist of Chicago, whose first wife divorced him because he lost his fortune. Her successor rejoices in the Christian appellation of Ruby Lois and Ruby, with the oracular conviction of a month-old bride, solemnly declares that few men, until they reach the age of fifty, possess the experience necessary to win the real love of a woman.

Her Samuel is sixty-six, forty-eight years her senior, hence in putting the age limit of experience at fifty, young Mrs. Ruby means to convey the idea, we assume, that her husband has the desired attribute, plus sixteen years of added wisdom. Where Ruby Lois gains such insight we do not stop to inquire. Suffice it, that this young emigre from Battle Creek, Mich.—home of the nutritious vegetable proteids—transplanted to materialistic Chicago, finds young men lacking in that consideration for woman which the more matured among us possess. Asked to define her Delphic utterances more in detail, the new Mrs. Gross is reported to have shrugged her pretty shoulders impatiently—they are always pretty at eighteen—as she replied, "O, perhaps it is rather the emptiness of their heads than their hearts."

Ah! herein is the vital truth. The young men are all right in their hearts; that is, they can make love outwardly in approved fashion, but their heads are so empty of ideas that after, as Mr. Tennyson has explained, the novelty wears off, their presence is insufferably tiresome. The young man, again to quote the author of Locksley Hall, in the spring, "lightly" turns to thoughts of love, but we of an older growth, approach the object of our affection with a becoming diffidence, a respectful deference that cannot fail to impress the recipient of such attention. Then, too, she is so far more advanced in her studies, in her knowledge of life than the average young man of her age, that his conversation, his observations, his deductions, appear immature and banal to her more advanced vision. Doubtless, Ruby Lois has been imbibing pearls of wisdom at the Battle Creek colleges, along with her shredded wheat biscuit and grape nuts, until the callow youngsters of the neighborhood paled on her fancy, with the result that she turned to their elders in grateful relief.

Her fiat substantiates what we have long contended: that the young woman of this age is so far in advance of the young man of her years that his mere physical attractions fail to compensate for his mental detractions. We shall have to amend the famous Tennyson couplet to read:

She shall hold thee, when the marriage is a novelty

no more,

A well-intentioned husband, but, alas, a horrid bore.

For mental recreation she will turn to her neighbor's husband, whose locks are grayed at the temples, whose wide reading and two-score and ten years of observation have so stored his mind and mellowed his language that the young wife finds in his society that intellectual pleasure so sadly missed at home.

What an outlook for empty-headed youth!

What an incentive it should be to studious application, to a mental determination that the young husband shall in future carry to the altar much more than the extraneous attributes of youthful looks and ardent affection. Welcome to our city, Ruby Lois! We, who are approaching fifty, discern in you a young woman of great perceptive power, of remarkable psychical knowledge. Young men for love must in future make way for their elders and await years of discretion before they can hope to make our young Miss Bluestockings altogether happy. It used to be an axiom that young men think old men fools, but, perhaps, they will revise that opinion. Now let Professor Osler go hide his diminished head!

"BOSS" ALDRICH AND HIS METHODS

IN THE rather acrimonious discussions which have marked the course of the tariff arguments in the senate this week the country undoubtedly is with Senators Cummins, Bristow, Dolliver and Beveridge in their attempts to compel Senator Aldrich and his following to obey the implied behests of the party platform for revision downward. Monday, Senator Beveridge sharply rebuked the Rhode Island chairman of the finance committee for his non-compliance with the expressed wishes of the rank-and-file Republicans, which caused the older man to sputter savagely and utter sneering remarks in the direction of the brilliant Indianan. Unconsciously, perhaps, Senator Bradley of Kentucky demonstrated anew the great necessity for a standing expert commission. He confessed that the entire debate on the tariff question, instead of enlightening him had had the opposite effect. He added:

We have one statement made which at any moment is flatly contradicted by another speaker. How are we to know? To whom must we turn for information unless we go to the finance committee, having had charge of this bill; are these members uttering falsehoods, or are our friends challenging their statements in the wrong?

If Senator Bradley could get his facts at first hand, from an unprejudiced, non-political commission of trained statisticians, enlisted from the treasury department or from other trustworthy avenues, he could be sure of his information and he as well as others would be able to vote on the merits of the article under discussion. It is for this Senator Beveridge is striving. It was the incisive Hoosier, too, as we pointed out at the time, who, alone of the "spellbinders" throughout the Taft campaign, talked intelligently on the tariff and discussed the subject, not as a partisan merely, but on broader, higher grounds, viewing the vexed problems with the farseeing eyes of the statesman. That he should dare to measure swords with the Boss of the Senate is greatly to his credit. The Aldrich dictatorship admits of no trespassing. Just how far this extends is well explained by La Follette's magazine, in the current issue. Aldrich's amendments to the tariff bill were being considered in the committee of the whole and the question of amending those amendments was raised. Senator Beveridge proceeded for the good of all concerned to have the situation defined and with this result:

Mr. BEVERIDGE. It is very well that we clearly understand that now—It amounts to this: If a committee amendment is adopted by the senate (in committee of the whole), so far as that amendment is concerned the subject is closed until we are in the senate.

Mr. GALLINGER and Mr. ALDRICH. Except on reconsideration.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. Except on reconsideration.

Mr. ALDRICH. And there would be no objection on the part of the committee to the reconsideration of any paragraph where there is a reason for it.

Mr. BEVERIDGE. Of course the senator from Rhode Island will be the judge of "the reason for it."

Mr. ALDRICH. Certainly.

In this high-handed manner does the senate boss operate and it is from such arbitrary rulings that Senators Beveridge, Burkett, Brown, Bristow, Clapp, Crawford, Cummins, Dolliver, Gamble, La Follette, and Wilson are found protesting—eleven good men and true, who place the interests of the people above the dictates of party politics. These faithful few realize that the work of the finance committee, controlled by Aldrich, is anything but revision downward, and they are in revolt against such traitorous methods. Aldrich's favorite mode of repelling attacks on his bill is

to sneer at the opposition. Thus, Senators Dolliver, Bristow, Beveridge and Cummins, who have led the fight against the treachery of their hide-bound colleagues, are targets for the Rhode Islander's sarcastic tongue-lashing, which, however, has not deterred them in the performance of their duty.

DAVIDSON'S TRAGIC LIMITATIONS

LITERARY circles in this country and in Great Britain are deeply concerned because of the disappearance of John Davidson, the poet, who is believed to have ended his life in the depths of a disused Cornish mine, with deliberative intent. It is recalled that he once declared to Martin Harvey, the English actor, that if ever he realized his limitations he would commit suicide. Shan F. Bullock, the London correspondent of the Chicago Evening Post, points out that Davidson's last book was a good-bye to fame, literature and existence. His last poem pictured himself neglected and forgotten. His will even is a farewell. Says Bullock: "It is all very distressing and morbid and unlovely; but all who watched Davidson's development expected little else."

Three years older than Barrie, like the author of "The Little Minister," he, too, went to London to achieve fame and fortune, the success of the younger Scotchman who had preceded him in the big metropolis perhaps spurring his ambition. Until his verses began to attract attention, Davidson did grub street work for newspapers. His was an active muse, as well as a forcible, graceful and luxuriant one. His first volume of collected verse, "In a Music Hall," published in 1891, was followed in the next decade by a number of books of lyric and dramatic verse, the most notable being "Fleet Street Eclogues," "Ballads and Songs," "New Ballads," "The Last Ballad," "Godfrida," a play, and "The Testament of an Empire Builder."

But his poetry, although it brought him reputation and won him many friends, yielded him little money, and to support his family he was obliged to submit to the daily grind of newspaper work. This was as irksome to one of his temperament as was the drudgery of teaching, which for twelve years was his lot in Scotland before he broke away at thirty-three and invaded the British capital. Like DeQuincey and many others, notes Bullock, he found London a stony-hearted stepmother, and before he could establish himself he and his wife and children had felt the pangs of poverty. Of late years, under the stress of disappointment and bitterness of soul, he developed into a megalomaniac. One of his grandiose delusions was that he was born to dominate his age:

In a series of testaments and documents, he preached the strange mingling of materialism and Nietzscheism by means of which he would overthrow Christendom and found Davidsondom on its ruins. But Christendom endured his violence. Friends left him. Only the grant of a civil list pension saved him and his family from starvation. And then, having realized his limitations, he left home one night and stepped out forever into the dark.

Poor Davidson! It is a terrible thing for a man with lofty literary ambitions to discover at fifty-two that he has reached as far as he can ever attain, and knowing how slight a scratch he has made on the world's surface, stand aghast. This was Davidson's case. The shock to his sensibilities was such that he could not survive the bitter disappointment and rather than struggle on in platitudinous mediocrity he sought surcease in oblivion. That unfortunate trait of failing to gird one's self to meet adverse fortune is peculiarly the curse of poetic souls. In California we have seen several examples. W. S. Kendall was the first poet of record on the coast to take his own life. Nearly three years later, in October, 1878, the brilliant but erratic Richard Realf wrote "Vale"—

And sank there where you see him lying now
With that word "Failure" written on his brow.

Still later another poet, this one of Southern California, Leroy E. Mosher, after singing with pathetic significance of "The Stranded Bugle" blew out his brains on the sands at the ocean side. Of more recent occurrence was the untimely ending of the gifted young poet, Nora May French, who in a fit of despondency arbitrarily

crossed the dividing line between this and the hereafter on the sand dunes at Carmel-by-the-Sea, only a year and a half ago.

What a tragic, pitiful taking-off of human song birds! Of those, whose lilting lines have sung their way into human hearts, solacing poor seared souls in their times of tribulation, yet reserving no comfort for themselves in hours of stress! For John Davidson and his kind the work-a-day world should have much tender regard. May the perturbed English singer, whose poor, bruised body lies, mayhap, hundreds of feet below the surface, hidden for all time from human eyes, find in the realm to which his spirituality is now translated, rich solace for all earthly disappointments.

AUTHOR OF "BEULAH" AND "ST. ELMO"

WHIO READS "St. Elmo," "Beulah," "Vashti," "Inez, a Tale of the Alamo," these days? And they who did read them a generation ago have probably long since forgotten that Augusta Evans Wilson, the author, was a living entity until last Sunday, when she passed away at Mobile, Ala., her home for sixty years, at the age of seventy-four. With the death of Augusta Evans, to use her maiden name, under whose title her literary work appeared, goes the last of that old guard of popular authors, of whom her immediate predecessor was Mary J. Holmes, that prolific writer whose death preceded Augusta Evans' by a year and a half. Of that coterie were E. P. Roe and Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, and their output as well as the number of their readers amazes even in these days of "best sellers."

"Inez" is a crudely-written story as one would naturally expect from a girl still in her teens. The interest centers in the heroic defense of the Alamo, and was the result of her early residence at San Antonio, Texas. From the Lone Star state she went with her family to Mobile, in 1849, and Alabama remained her home until the end. Augusta Evans was born near Columbus, Ga., in 1835, and was educated by her mother, never attending public or private school. When she was thirty-three she married Mr. Wilson, who died in 1891. Of her second novel, "Beulah," it is related that Miss Evans, then only twenty-three, left the manuscript with Harper's for reading and when she returned to know its fate several days later, as appointed, she was told the story had been lost in the office. It had meant infinite labor to her and as she had no other copy she insisted the manuscript must be found and restored or a damage suit would follow. That evening the precious pages were delivered at her hotel. Another publisher was quick to grasp the merits of her story and the appearance of "Beulah" established the young author in popular favor that knew no cessation for many years.

"Macaria," which appeared in 1864, was dedicated to the southern army, printed in Charleston, S. C., and published in Richmond, Va. Miss Evans was devoted to the confederate cause, and her home was used as a hospital. After the war "Macaria" was republished in the north and found a large sale. It was followed by "St. Elmo," in 1866, the author going to New York herself to superintend the issuance of what is considered to be her strongest novel. "Vashti" came out in 1869, and then ensued a wait of six years before "Infelice" appeared. This was the last of her relations with G. W. Carleton & Co., after fifteen years of profitable contracts, the author giving her next book to G. W. Dillingham & Co. But twelve years elapsed between "Infelice" and "At the Mercy of Tiberius," which saw light in 1887. "A Speckled Bird" was published in 1902 and five years later her final story, "Devota," was issued.

Compared with Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Southworth or E. P. Roe, Miss Evans cannot be regarded as a prolific writer. Only nine novels in a period ranging from 1856 to 1907, an average of less than one in five years, are to her credit. But there was method in this limit of output, for her publisher was moved to pay her big advance royalties to command her work. Thus Carleton is said to have given her a check for \$25,000 for "Vashti" before he was in possession of the manuscript, and that it paid him well to treat the author so liberally is unquestioned. Even after so long a period, following the author's literary perihelion, as 1907, her royalties that year are said to have netted her \$4,000. Modern tastes have little use

for the old-fashioned verbiage of her stories, but they struck a responsive chord in many breasts twenty-five or thirty years ago.

GRAPHITES

How Mr. Harriman must have shuddered when the wires bore to him the gist of the message which Mayor Alexander sent to the city council Tuesday, demanding that the Southern Pacific make good its promise of building a new Arcade station providing the desired street, which the city vacated at the request of the petitioning company, were abandoned. Never mind, the mayor meant well, but we think the explanation of the delay offered by Judge McKinley, local counsel for the Southern Pacific railroad, is worthy of credence. Following the drawing of the plans for the new station, he points out, came the San Francisco fire, which destroyed a large portion of the drawings and entailed enormous expense on the corporation. Later, ensued the monetary stringency, compelling the road, as with others, to curtail in every direction, and still later was the necessity of protecting the Imperial Valley from devastation by overflow waters. The government was to refund part of this heavy expense and with it the Arcade station was to have been built, but, alas, congress is not so avid to perform as Mr. Roosevelt was to promise. Judge McKinley is certain the project will be revived and carried out at the earliest practicable moment, and probably on a much larger scale than originally intended. Altogether, it is a well-considered reply to the numerous adverse criticisms bandied of late and should be convincing.

Adverting to the rumor that congress has been asked to erect a one-hundred-thousand-dollar statue to the memory of the late Senator Stewart of Nevada, the New York Morning Telegraph tersely notes that his debts scheduled twenty thousand dollars in excess of the value of his estate and sapiently adds, "a rum world my masters." Whether the Telegraph means that the hundred thousand might better be employed in liquidating the estate and providing a surplus for his next of kin, is not apparent. Of course, it is not because of an impoverished estate, nor yet for his great wealth, had he died so possessed, that a grateful country should honor his memory. The fact that he represented the smallest state in the Union for twelve years surely is reason enough for a memorial statue!

Commenting on the action of the faculty of the University of California, which, startled by the announcement of ten engagements among the students within a week, has decided to offer a course in household economics at the summer school, the New York Evening Post does not see in this a mark of favor to the engaged or even an exhortation to the unengaged to go and do likewise. Rather is it to be regarded as a warning to the fair "co-ed" that she "must grind her college spectacles for long-distance vision, ere she leap into the arms of matrimony." This is by way of forestalling a migration of eastern undergraduates to Berkeley, explains the Post, which adds:

Truth to tell, domestic science does often chill domesticity; the girl who turns from Sappho and Swinburne to a lecture on the eleven methods of spoiling a perfectly good rib-roast, may take a sudden but lasting fancy to school-teaching and the frigid negative.

It is agreed, however, that the faculty has done well if only to throw the pots and pans into high relief, thus crowding romance to the wall by the introduction of stern reality. We trust this good work of the Berkeley press agent will not render dumb the Stanford promoters. We admit the percentage of engagements in the limited time given is high, but we are firm in the belief that the Palo Alto annual percentage will not be dimmed by the Berkeley figures in the mass.

Since a jury of his peers has decided that Luther Brown is not guilty of the crime of abducting an editor, it follows that the editorial person is to be regarded as common property, for hardly anyone who noted the testimony would aver that Editor Olden was taken into custody by due process of law, as provided by the statutes. Truth is, an unprejudiced San Francisco jury is impossible of attainment, so beset by the city by the factional fights which harass that unhappy metropolis. What would be a fearful outrage in Springfield, Mass., for example, is a matter of little concern in San Francisco, the standards of comparison being so warped in the latter city that a right perspective is not within an average jury's ken. It is amusing to note that this acquittal of the alleged abductor is regarded as a significant blow at the graft prose-

cution. Since this view is the one promulgated by the pro-Calhoun press, we must assume that the wish is father to the thought and refuse to be convinced.

Relief for intermediate Pacific points from excessive freight rates is promised at an early date by traffic managers of the roads interested. Reductions ranging from 25 to 50 per cent are being considered, in which readjustment places like Spokane, Salt Lake City and Reno, Nev., will be favored. If what are known as intermountain points get the benefit of the terminal rates, it is bound to result in a building up of new jobbing centers to the east, to the inevitable detriment of coast points. In case the interstate commerce commission approves the projected schedules, inland towns that have long complained of the inviolable treatment, will get what they have earnestly sought. If it does not result in raising rates all around, there can be no ground for complaint, except that it is likely to cut out much jobbing business now handled from the coast cities.

Farewell, Armenia

Ye singing birds and smiling flowers
That glad my native shore,
Ye brooks, that laugh through shady bowers,
I ne'er may see you more;
From every cherished blessing here,
The fates my feet expel—
Farewell, ye joys and friendships dear,
Armenia, farewell!

Above the billows and the rocks
The angry tempests rave,
And the beating in my bosom mocks
The breaking of the wave;
In unknown lands I soon shall roam
Beyond the surges' swell;
Farewell, my friends, my native home,
Armenia, farewell!

Bright hopes, that once my bosom fired
And o'er my spirit shone,
Sweet visions, that my youth inspired,
O, whither have ye flown!
Return those hours when mirth ran high,
Ere woe my lot befell,
And ruthless tyrants bade me sigh,
Armenia, farewell!

Armenia! dark is thy day
And sorrowful to me,
Yet I shall bear, when far away,
A deeper love for thee,
And sacred thoughts, where'er I roam,
Shall in my bosom dwell
And kindred friends and native home—
Armenia, farewell!

—HENRY REED CCNANT.

BROWSINGS IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP

Having a confessed fondness for the curious and bizarre in literature, I was greatly edified this week by coming across, in my browsings at the Old Book Shop, a copy of the Wonderful Magazine and Extraordinary Museum, bearing date of 1808, and being a "Complete Repository of the Wonders, Curiosities and Rarities of Nature and Art." I found it a storehouse of oddities, containing a plethora of strange customs, peculiar manners of remote countries, remarkable occurrences, singular events, heroic adventures, absurd characters; of diverting experiences in the line of eating, drinking, fasting and walking; of amazing deliverances from death; of untoward accidents, divers dangers, extraordinary memoirs and astonishing revolutions, all well attested and "from respectable authorities." What more could a searcher after the unusual want or demand?

* * *

Archibald Loudon of Carlisle, Pa., appears to have been responsible for this collection and, according to the clerk of the district, the title of the book was secured to him in conformity with an act of congress for the encouragement of learning, Archibald having duly deposited in his office, Sept. 8, 1808, the title page of his repository of world wonders.

* * *

An account of Joseph Borowski, the wonderful Polish dwarf, who at twenty measured only two feet 4 inches, opens this delectable collection. Joseph fell in love with an actress who entertained her friends with amusing stories of the little man's passion for her, which, coming to his knowledge, abated his ardor. He finally married the beautiful Isolina, whose consent he obtained by dint of perseverance. She made him a fine wife and a happy father. "His further exploits," we are naively told, "are to be the subject of a future chapter in a later edition of the magazine."

* * *

Roger Crabb was a singular hermit who appears to have been of a philanthropic disposition,

for in his writings he observes that man was born not the tyrant, but the friend of animated life. Every animal in distress he flew to relieve. He abstained from fleshly diet and his drink was pure spring water only. His dress was a sack-cloth frock and a coarse pair of breeches, open at the knees. Although a bachelor, he was not insensible to the joys of matrimony, as witness: Seeing one day a young couple going to be married, he was much pleased. "I had rather," cried he, "give one single being existence, than be the king of England; do you increase and multiply." Toward the end of his days he published an account of his life under the title of "The Hermit." He was found dead one day, starved, likely enough, since the poor fellow had missed his weekly supply of bread which compassionate people sent him from the town.

* * *

Follows the atrocious murder of Ann Smith, a ballad singer, by a wretch named Samuel Thorley, a butcher's assistant at Cheshire, in 1777. Samuel was partial to raw flesh, and, hearing that human flesh resembled young pig in taste, his curiosity prompted him to try if it was true. He decided to boil the portions he fancied, but the dish disagreed with him. Later, he was apprehended for murder, tried and convicted and his body hung in chains on a heath.

* * *

But of all the entertaining stories related the account of a strange animal killed on the island of Noirmontier, in June, 1761, is the most fascinating. Two young girls were seeking for shells in the crevices of the rocks, when one of them discovered in a kind of natural grotto, an animal of a human form, which, as soon as it saw the girl, erected its head, leaning at the same time on its hands. The first girl called to her mate, who, having a long knife, struck it into the creature, which, upon being wounded, groaned like a human being. "The two girls cut off its hands, which had fingers and nails quite formed," with webs between the digits. The surgeon of the island went to see it. He reports that it was as big as the largest man, that its skin was white, resembling that of a drowned person; that it had the breasts of a full-chested woman; a flat nose, a large mouth, the chin adorned with a kind of beard, formed of fine shells (there's a stroke of genius in that descriptive bit); and over the whole body tufts of similar white shells. It had the tail of a fish and at the extremity of it "a kind of feet." Doubtless a genuine merman.

* * *

There is an account of a human salamander, a native of Toledo, Spain, who bathed in boiling oil without suffering the least inconvenience, who polished the soles of his feet with a bar of iron heated to a white heat; who gargled his throat with concentrated sulphuric and nitric acids; who remained in an oven heated to 189 Fahrenheit, "from which he was with difficulty induced to retire; so comfortable did he feel at that high temperature."

* * *

Here is a delicious chronicle: Henry, Earl of Holsatia, was hated by the courtiers of Edward III. of England with whom he was a favorite. In the king's absence they prevailed on the queen to test the Earl's noble descent by exposing him to a lion, alleging the animal would not hurt him if he was truly noble. The lion was turned loose in Henry's path, who was wont to take an early morning walk, wearing his night gown over his shirt. When the Earl came up with the roaring beast, all undaunted, in a harsh and angry tone he said "Stand, you dog!" at which the lion crouched at his feet; whereupon the Earl took him by the neck, put him in his den, placed his nightcap on the lion's mane, and so walked off unconcerned. Then, looking up at the windows where the courtiers were, he exclaimed: "Now, let the proudest of you all, that boast so much your noble birth, go and fetch my nightcap and take it for your pains." But they shamefully pulled in their heads and made no reply," reports this veracious chronicle.

* * *

Shipwrecks are a favorite subject for harrowing the feelings of the readers of the Wonderful Magazine. Hangings are another prolific source of mental refreshment, and, O, how the editor of the marvelous collection reveled in the telling of a particularly grawsome tale. Natural phenomena fill many pages, earthquakes, tidal waves, amazing sea animals and the like. Resuscitation to life, memoirs of famous misers, freaks of birth, instances of longevity, the folly of over-curiosity, feats of strength, visitation from fiery meteors, volcanic eruptions—all, all are duly set forth in the most serious language as gospel truth. O, it is a rare magazine.

S. T. C.

FROM THE GREAT WHITE WAY

New York likes to laugh and it gets the sort of thing it likes to laugh at in "A Woman's Way," a play by Thompson Buchanan, now running at the Hackett Theater, with Grace George as the star. The play is mud, but the mud is deftly covered over with clever lines, and Miss George goes stepping through it as lightly and gracefully as if she were walking through a field of daisies.

The persons concerned belong to the millionaire stratum of New York society. Howard Stanton has had an automobile accident and the papers have learned that with him at the time was Mrs. Elizabeth Blakemore, and they believe that the probable outcome will be a divorce from his wife. Howard and Marion have not been on good terms and have contemplated divorce, now he, and everybody else assume that a break is inevitable. Marion, however, loves her husband and does not intend to lose him, though exactly why she wants to keep him is a mystery, for he is not the kind of a man that most women would care to fight for, and as Frank Worthing plays him, he seems very amusing, but very trivial for a woman to concern herself about.

* * *

The curtain rises upon a luxurious room with a pile of newspapers in the center from which the attention is distracted by the furious ringing of the telephone and the exasperation of the butler, who is trying to put off journalistic inquiry. At the proper moment the papers fall aside, disclosing Howard Stanton huddled in a chair, very pale and otherwise much the worse for wear, a stage trick to provide an entrance for Mr. Worthing. The chase after the new and novel is getting to be a wearing tax on the ingenuity of the stage manager, and at times on the patience and common sense of the public.

Howard's brother-in-law arrives with the news that the house is besieged by reporters, who say they intend to remain until they get satisfaction. It is decided to admit one to represent them all and in comes Harry Lynch, chosen from the syndicate, he explains, because the Journal and the World "wouldn't trust each other," and the Post "hasn't heard of it yet." The part is naturally drawn and excellently played by Edward Fielding. Of course, he learns nothing from the brother-in-law, but by the clever trick of returning after a minute to get his gloves, which he has conveniently forgotten, he surprises Howard and learns that the surmises are in part correct.

* * *

Marion's plan of campaign is to take the divorce for granted and invite Mrs. Blackmore to a dinner in order, as she puts it to her husband, that she may become acquainted with her successor. She sees that everything is in perfect order, for, as she tells Howard, she does not want Mrs. Second to be able to criticise Mrs. First too harshly, at least in her housekeeping arrangements. Then she turns her attention to Howard himself, and as she puts the finishing touches to his tie, she says, "Really, you must do your best to look well, Howard, for you know it would be a horrible thing if she didn't want you."

But Mrs. Blakemore is not at all the kind of person she expected. She is a formidable rival, a woman of gentle birth, very beautiful and not hurt with morals. In fact, she has had "relations" with all the men in the play except the old general, the reporter and the butler. It is a little awkward, of course, for the men whom Marion has invited to the dinner to have "Puss" and their wives at such close range, especially as "Puss" very inconsiderately treats them all like old friends, taking them off alone in turn.

"I am having the time of my life," says Marion, "playing Puss in the corner."

"Puss!" echoes the man she is speaking to. "Why," says Marion, innocently, "is she your Puss, too?"

One after another the men go to Howard and tell him their troubles, and, of course, he is properly shocked, but Marion arrives in time to say, "I thought I heard some one throw a brick through a glass house," and Howard begins to draw the proper comparison. Soon, Marion begins to be very desirable to him, for Oliver Whitney is on her side. She begs him to be very good to her "when her husband is looking." "Something seems to tell me," says Whitney to himself, "that I am going to be the bell this evening," for Mrs. Blakemore has just made the same request.

At the right moment the reporter comes again. The men are helpless, for each one in turn has tried and failed to buy him off, but Marion wins the day. When he mentions divorce she laughs, when he mentions Mrs. Blackmore she says "wait a minute." Then she walks to the door and calls "Elizabeth," and when Mrs. Blakemore appears, to the surprise of everybody present, she clasps

her about the waist and faces the reporter. "This is your answer." The reporter is unconvinced, but there is nothing for him to do but go. When he is gone Mrs. Blakemore tries to draw away, but Marion holds her fast. "Hold it," she cautions, "he came back for his gloves last time." Of course, he comes in again, but this time it is upon the same tableau. He is convinced, and all ends well.

* * *

It is too bad that this "bit of life" should be simply laughable, that a condition of things that ought to be impossible in any society should be presented and received as quite in the order of events in what should be the best. Miss George is charming, lovable, and wears beautiful gowns, and in *propria persona* is successful as Marion Stanton. Dorothy Tennant as Mrs. Blakemore is an excellent foil. Her jet dress suggested, as it should, the serpent of the Nile, and her fine carriage and splendid proportions served to emphasize the petite daintiness of Miss George. But Miss Tennant did not act the role. Indeed, she seemed rather bored with it and the situation. It is too bad that an actress should allow herself so to insult an audience, for without doubt Miss Tennant could play the part, or at least appear to do so, if she cared to take the trouble.

The persons concerned in the play were in so-called "high life," and, externally, at least, should have the signs of good breeding. In view of this fact, there were curious lapses. As they were presented the mothers and the sisters-in-law were much too cheap and underbred to be connected by birth with either Marion or Howard. It is too bad that such an illusion should be allowed to last in the case of minor characters, even for the sake of a laugh, for it destroys, hopelessly, the illusions. In this respect the play is in marked contrast to "Sham," where the aunts, however ludicrous, however disagreeable, were always "of the blood."

* * *

Occasionally, a laugh can be very dear at the price. Certainly a titter scarcely repays the sister-in-law when she lifts her skirts and shows a newspaper with the headline "Scandal" stretching across the front of her petticoat. She has pinned it there, she says, because she can't be seen bringing it into the house, and because she can find no place in her modern dress to tuck it. Such "business" is too cheap for a first-class production. It is too obviously dragged in, and not funny enough to justify the touch of coarseness.

* * *

Many of the theaters have tried the experiment of doing away with the orchestra with great success. Some of them have put the musicians in the cellar and covered them with leaves, like the babes in the wood—not a bad idea for the more leaves the sounds percolate through the sweater they seem to be. Almost all of the others have begun to exercise care in the choice of music, but the orchestra in the Hackett Theater has escaped the attention of the management. It is both blatant and insistent.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, May 10.

Champion Long-Distance Runner

Apropos of the many feats of pedestrianism and long distance running which the Marathon obsession has called forth, the London correspondent of The Graphic calls our attention to what is probably the most extraordinary performances of record. He writes: Ernest Mensen, a Norwegian sailor in the British navy, after distinguishing himself in the battle of Navarino, quitted the service and became a professional runner. He first attracted attention by running from London to Portsmouth, eighty-four miles, in nine hours, and after that ran from London to Liverpool, two hundred and one miles, in thirty-two hours. Subsequently, he undertook to run from Paris to Moscow. Starting from the Place Vendome at 4 p.m., June 11, 1831, he entered the Kremlin at 10 a.m., June 25, having done the distance, 1,760 miles, in thirteen days, eighteen hours. He soon obtained employment as a public courier, and became a subject for sporting bets in European courts; but he invariably beat mounted courier when matched against them. He never walked, but always ran; his usual refreshment was one biscuit and an ounce of raspberry syrup per diem, and two short rests of ten and fifteen minutes each in the twenty-four hours. These rests he took standing and with a handkerchief covering his face. In 1836 Mensen carried despatches in the East India Company's service from Calcutta to Constantinople, through Central Asia, and performed the distance 5,615 miles, in fifty-nine days. He died on one of his extraordinary expeditions, and his body was found resting against a tree, as if he were asleep. He was buried outside the village of Tyang, in Upper Egypt, close to the spot where he ended his earthly pilgrimage.

MEANDERINGS OF THEOPHILUS

Up at our house we are rich and filled with honors. Two mating mocking birds have rented the upper story of our bougainvillea vine and are in the midst of that most important task in life—raising a family.

They did not even ask us if we objected to children. The first thing we knew The Little Girl, standing on the front porch the other morning, heard a queer little chirping in the bougainvillea, which proved to be from several young mockers not yet in the kindergarten stage—voracious younglings they are, with appetites that make union hours equivalent to slow starvation.

I have not seen them. The vine is thick and thorny, forming an ideal flat for a young couple that wishes to be retired. A little later on, when the fledglings are ready to receive their first lessons in aerial locomotion, I hope to get better acquainted. Thus far, we have not even called, and our tenants seem to appreciate it.

I have a more or less dim recollection of an old saw to the effect that to have the birds nest on the house brings good luck—or how does it go? At any rate, we are very glad to have them there. It causes a mild feeling of self-satisfaction that the timid birds have sufficient confidence in you and your intentions.

Rent money? That will come later on, when the morning concerts and the vesper songs begin. Though our house is near the business district, the mocking birds have not yet forsaken the locality.

There is something doing, too, in the small hours of the night. In coming home from the morning newspaper grind, at 1 or 2 a.m., I have often been greeted by plaintive notes—at least they sounded plaintive on the still, night air—from the mocking birds in the tall trees roundabout. Not being a nature faker, and, therefore, not familiar with all the attributes of bird and animal life, I could not understand why they selected a time when their heads should be beneath their wings, to give expression to bird vocables.

So mournful they were! I wonder if Madame Mocking Bird were lamenting the absence and unreturning of the man of the house, gone a-spreeing up and down the lanes of air? Or, perhaps, it was a curtain lecture! But, no, the scolding note was absent.

Personally, I am inclined to acquit Mr. Mocking Bird of the heinous charge of being a fly-by-night and a rounnder. No bird with a feeling of the morning after could be so bright and chipper and noisy and altogether cocky, as the mocking bird who works and sings of a sunshiny morning in our neighborhood. There must be a better explanation for those midnight vocal offerings.

* * *

I had a long talk the other day with a man who expressed himself almost entirely in terms of dollars and cents. A day or an hour was profitably used or wasted according as he added to his store of wealth, or let slip the opportunity to do so. All roads led to money. A man had done well or not, as he had made two dollars grow where one grew before, or had let slip the opportunity of doing so. To land money, to make money earn money—as much as could be obtained, without the possibility of loss, that were the ideal existence. The things that interest most sane men had little or no interest for him. He had solved the problem of making money his slave. I would not undertake to say he is a slave to his money! still, I think he is missing many of the best things in life—things it would be so easy for him to have.

* * *

A little later I was talking with another man, one who has a goodly store of this world's goods—a kindly soul, whose riches have not branded him with the dollar mark.

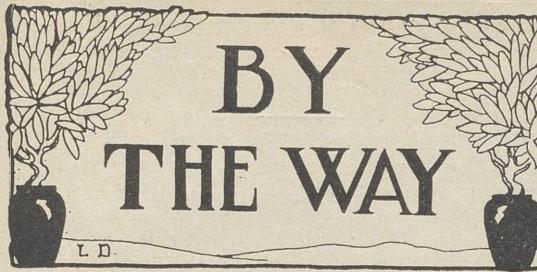
We were discussing a mutual acquaintance, "Ah, he is rich, that man," said my friend. I looked up in surprise, for I had supposed that the subject of our conversation was comparatively poor.

"But he IS rich I tell you. See how straight and strong, how well he is. He never has to give a thought to his bodily health, yet he is as old as you or I."

My friend has money, but good health, rather than riches, constitute wealth in his opinion. Do you agree with him? Which would YOU rather have?

THEOPHILUS.

Reports are in circulation of more bank amalgamations and while the facts are being jealously guarded, as all such things must be in their formation, there is little doubt that another merger of the projected nature of the Citizens and the American National is being seriously considered. For the present I am pledged to say nothing further.



Dr. Frank Bullard's Toupee Greeted

There were things doing at the University Club's monthly dinner Thursday, aside from the fact that Dr. John R. Haynes read a most informing and interesting paper, in view of recent municipal happenings, on the "Origin and Future of the Recall, Initiative and Referendum." The "Father of the Recall" was followed by Colonel Harry H. Mayberry, who, as a staunch organization man, led the discussion in opposition to direct legislation. But prior to the appearance of the "speaker of the evening," Dr. Frank D. Bullard was the cynosure of all eyes—and wits. Dr. Frank has a brand new toupee, and the disappearance of the well-known bald pate, that has won for its owner the sobriquet of "Mr. Pickwick," was the subject of much merriment at Frank's expense, between the dinner courses. Here is one of the skits aimed at the good-natured doctor:

Toupee, or not toupee; that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The drafty airs that play upon my pate
Or with a purchased tuft adorn my poll
And so avert the trouble? A wig,—a toppiece,
But that; and by a wig, to say I end
The menace, and the thousand natural shocks
My caput's heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished.—A wig,—a toppiece,—
A wig! an artificial lock! ay, there's the rub,
For with that hocus hair what jolts may come
When from the ribald tongue my soul recoils
To give me pause. There's the respect
That my baldheaded front so long has won!
Yet who would bear the Santa Ana winds,
The searching sun, the Sutherland sisters' scorn,
The pangs that sear my soul, the references
To billiard balls, by insolent folk addressed!
With patient merit I have borne it all,
When, easily, I might long since have done
That which is now achieved. Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under the wealth of locks,
But that the dread of hearing that old cry,
"Go up, thou baldhead!" from the vulgar herd
Affront my ears, when, in my walks abroad
I penetrate new country, where, unknown,
My lengthened brow's the target for the fool.
But, but for this I'd bear the ills I have
Than fly to others that I know not of.
So, my ungarnished skull, my conscience pricks,
And arrant cowardice, alas, results.
And thus the native smoothness of my sconce
Is sickled o'er with the pale cast of hair
That leaves me unexposed. O, capilose delight,
With you on top currents are turned away
And lose their power to smite. Soft you, now!
The fair sex smiles entranced! I see, I see,
Youth has returned once more with my toupee!

Will Woolwine's Fine Outing

That is a fine itinerary W. D. Woolwine, first vice-president of the National Bank of Southern California, has set for himself and Mrs. Woolwine in their extended eastern trip on which they set forth last Saturday. Their first halt was at the Grand Canon, thence to Kansas City, from which point they go to Memphis, Nashville and Louisville. They plan to visit the birthplace of Mr. Woolwine in Virginia, after which they go to Washington, Boston and New York. On the return journey they will stop at Montreal and Quebec, thence travel over the Canadian Pacific to Victoria, B. C., take in the Alaska exposition at Seattle and then down the coast for home, after an absence of two months. It is an ideal outing.

Passing of Gov. Beveridge

In the death of former Governor John L. Beveridge, a few days ago, at his home in Hollywood, at the ripe old age of 85, Illinois loses one of her most distinguished earlier citizens. He was educated in that famous old seminary at Mt. Morris, Ogle county—my beloved county—where Senator Cullom, the late Congressman Robert R. Hitt, Governor Richard J. Oglesby and other men notable in the history of the state, imbibed knowledge. As a major of the Eighth Illinois cavalry, in the army of the Potomac, he saw active service at the battles of Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg and Gettysburg. He was governor of Illinois from 1873 to 1877, after serving as congressman and filling various other offices of honor. Since 1895 he had lived in Southern California, and at his beautiful home in Hollywood, with his son, Philo J. Beveridge, close by, the grand old man, with his life partner, had

rounded out his admirable career. His bereaved wife, to whom he was married sixty-one years ago, survives. The funeral services await the return of Philo Beveridge from Honolulu, the only son being absent from home when his distinguished father passed away. He will be back either Sunday or Monday, perhaps before.

Judges Wilkes Answers Summons

I note with regret the death this week of my former South Dakota compatriot, Judge W. A. Wilkes, who sat on the county bench back in Sioux Falls what time I was doling out literary pabulum to an avid community, back in the eighties. A fine soul was he, always kindly of heart, twinkling of eye and with a rare appreciation of what is good in life. Married to the brilliant Eliza Tupper Wilkes, a sister of the lamented Kate Tupper Galpin, the fine Shakespearean scholar, a family of boys and girls of keen minds has been the natural result of the union. I note that the body will be removed to Sioux Falls for interment in the family burial lot, where one of the children was long ago laid away. My sympathies to the surviving wife and fatherless ones.

Popular Week-End Touring Trips

I know of few better week-end spins than over the road eastward to Glenwood or Arrowhead, and that dozens of automobile parties are seen heading in that direction Friday afternoons for a Saturday and Sunday outing evinces the growing popularity of the route. With two such capital hosteries as the Arrowhead Hotel, at the Hot Springs resort, and the Glenwood at Riverside, as the objective points, there is no lack of good entertainment at the other end of the trip. Several jolly parties were at the Glenwood last Saturday and Sunday. Dr. John R. Haynes, in his powerful new touring Marmon car, and Mrs. Haynes had five guests, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Baker two, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Cowan two, Mr. and Mrs. Lee C. Gates two, Russ Avery was escorting Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Lyle and Miss Evans; Mr. and Mrs. John W. Parkinson were there with their young son, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Wren had a party of four. On the road home, Sunday afternoon, Dr. Haynes' giant car showed the dust to everything in motion, being passed only once by Lee Gates, who is still chuckling over his strategic burst of speed.

Jonathan Club's Fine Showing

With a balance in excess of \$18,000 on the right side of the ledger, the fates have been more than ordinarily kind to the Jonathan Club in the last year. Perry W. Weidner has been added as new blood to the directorate, and Henry E. Huntington continues as nominal head of the club organization. It had been expected that the Woolwine crusade, which closed the club bar for a period of several months, would result in materially depleting the gross receipts, so that the avoidance of red ink created considerable of a pleasurable sensation at the club's recent annual meeting, when the facts, as outlined, were made public. It will be four years yet before the Jonathans will lose their present delightful quarters, the rental of which is an even \$500 a month. For that insignificant sum the club has two entire floors, comprising several acres of space, at a price that is almost a gift out of hand. The lease was for ten years, the first five, if I recall the facts, having been on the basis of \$400 a month. What the club will do when its lease terminates of course has not yet been considered, but barring the removal of Mr. Huntington from Los Angeles, the existing arrangements probably will not be materially changed by either party. Should it prove true, however, that Mr. Huntington is not in control of the Pacific Electric lines in 1913, it is doubtful if the Jonathans will be in position to suggest that a renewal of contract on the present basis be effected. If recent reports are correct, indeed, Mr. Huntington may not be the dominant factor in the ownership of the Pacific Electric building when it comes time for the Jonathan Club to get an extension of lease.

Brief History of Rental Contract

I well recall how, about six years ago, the Jonathan Club was housed on Spring street, between First and Second, in quarters that were as dingy as the present rooms are cosy and comfortable. The California Club then occupied rooms in the Wilcox block, and was hunting better environment. It was suggested that the present Jonathan Club quarters might be acquired, although the building was then only on paper. A committee was appointed to interview Mr. Huntington, who made the Californians a generous proposition. The offer submitted was left to a general club meeting, where it was declined, the majority deciding that a house of its own, on its purchased

site, was preferable. When the result was announced to Mr. Huntington, he smiled grimly and soon after was induced to enter into negotiations with the Jonathan Club management. At that time the club had a membership considerably below four hundred, with the initiation fee fixed at \$50, and the monthly dues \$2.50. When it became known that the club would move into the projected Huntington building, the expenses were increased all around, and by the time the trekking to the present quarters was completed, the initiatory fee had been raised to \$250, with the monthly dues placed at \$5. That placed the California and the Jonathan clubs upon the same footing. Later, the California increased its monthly dues to \$8, cut out its table d'hote daily luncheon and stipulated \$300 as the initiatory charge. The restaurant feature in both clubs never has been a financial success, although the membership of each organization is well up to the thousand mark. I am informed that so far as the Jonathan is concerned, the club's refectory shows a deficit of \$9,000 for the fiscal year, and the profit made was from membership fees, dues and room rentals.

Mayor Overlooks Point of Etiquette

Former residents of France, of the better class, who constitute an important element in the community, are chagrined that Mayor Alexander ignored them entirely when he announced the committed to entertain M. Jusserand, the ambassador of the French republic to the United States, who will be en route to Los Angeles in a few days. Had the head of the municipal government taken proper counsel, he would have learned that to ignore the French vice consul, or consular agent, at such a time, was the height of impropriety, and I do not blame that official for resenting the implied slight. But he should not harbor malice. I greatly doubt if the mayor was aware he was committing a faux pas. He is doing the best he knows how, and does not mean to snub anybody, I am sure. His is not a bed of roses. I hardly think he is getting a square deal from all the papers, but perhaps that is not to be expected in the circumstances.

Retirement of Treasurer Torrance

With the retirement of J. S. Torrance as an active spirit in the Union Oil Company that corporation, as well as its several affiliated interests, loses a most valuable lieutenant and one whose equal it will not be easy to replace. Accepting the published statements on the subject as correct, I am surprised that the Stewart interests, so-called, permitted Mr. Torrance to get away from them. The latter's genius it has been, largely, that has financed Union, step by step, in the last dozen years, and in that particular science Mr. Torrance has been a wizard, whose work has aroused an admiration far beyond the confines of Los Angeles. Just how much money Mr. Torrance has raised for Union Oil since his active connection with the Stewart Oil Company affairs I do not profess to know, but that the total has exceeded \$20,000,000 is a near guess. It was due to his efforts that the Los Angeles Home Telephone, as well as the similar enterprise in San Francisco, was floated. His other several promotions would stagger the ordinary mind, if the facts were here set forth. He is a director in something like forty corporations, which means for a man like Torrance, who really directs, where he is interested, not a little work. I am led to believe that in future Mr. Torrance will devote a lot of his spare time to the James H. Adams Co., a house of which the general public probably knows but little, in spite of the fact that the concern does a business annually of more millions than that of any bank in the city.

Unloading a Bad Investment

Members of a Los Angeles syndicate recently have unloaded an elephant, in the shape of a voting machine, which has been on their hands for a number of years. How many taxpayers in the community recall that a few years ago the electorate was awarded a lot of voting machines, the patent of an eastern manufacturer? It was not entirely satisfactory and the machines have been in cold storage for months. The local automatic vote register company numbered among its shareholders F. J. Zeehandelaar and Walter Parker, but neither one ever made a move to have the patent unloaded on the city. Truth is, it was not entirely practical. As fast as one defect was uncovered another would appear. From first to last the machine model cost a pile of money. In the end it was interred in a warehouse, here, a sure enough dead horse. About six months ago the inventor of a voting machine hailing from Michigan or Ohio, or other middle western section, visited Los Angeles and hunted up Zeehandelaar and Parker, to whom he confessed that when he

tried to secure a patent for his idea in Washington he was confronted with the Los Angeles model, almost of a similar build, except that it had a few kinks the eastern man's creation lacked. Could he not purchase? He could. It was agreed that he should have an option on the Los Angeles machine for six months. The time expired just before Zeehandelaar left for Europe, about two weeks ago, and he had several thousand dollars more to spend abroad than he had expected to have with him. It was his share of the purchase price that has transferred the local voting idea to a representative of the eastern syndicate. Incidentally, Walter Parker is enjoying with the Dutch consul the windfall that has blessed the two hope-deferred investors.

Census Jobs to be Given Out

It will be Congressman James McLachlan and not Senator Frank P. Flint, after all, who will control the census jobs that soon will be ready for distribution in this the Seventh California district. At one time it looked as if the patronage might this year be conceded to the upper house members in Washington, but the old order is to prevail, I understand, and McLachlan will name, first, the census supervisor of the district, and, next, all of the subordinates, several hundred in fact. That is to say, while Congressman McLachlan nominally will have the places to bestow, the regular Republican organization, which includes Walter F. Parker's merry men, will get the jobs. It had been about decided to give the principal place to W. P. Jeffries, whose loyalty to Senator Flint, and general capacity to come through for friends, have given him a reputation considerably more than local. Jeffries had been led to believe he could accept the position and still attend to his ordinary business. Also—and that was presumed to be the crux of the argument—Jeffries had been informed that the emolument was \$5,000 for the work that would be necessary.

Jeffries Declines to Serve

When Senator Flint was approached he at once became interested. But when the census bill passed it was found that the congressman from each district would name the appointees, and that the pay of the enumerating superintendent, instead of being \$5,000, was fixed at less than half that figure. However, Jeffries was promptly tendered the position by Congressman McLachlan, but he as promptly declined it. At this writing indications point to the appointment of Bert Farmer, than whom there is no better census expert in Southern California. Farmer has taken the annual school population for years, and what he does not know of the details involved is hardly worth the trouble of learning. There is little doubt that the next census will show Los Angeles to have proved her right to a largely increased legislative representation. The statistics will be collated before the end of next year and the legislature to be chosen in the next general election will redistrict the state. It is more than probable, of course, that the population figures will give the city a member of the lower house of congress, whose district will not extend beyond the confines of the municipality, leaving James McLachlan or his successor to represent the remainder of Los Angeles county after next year.

Editor Gibbon Retaliates

When I read that vitriolic outburst of Senator Savage, directed against my esteemed colleague, Thomas E. Gibbon, editor of the Herald, emanating from the floor of the senate several months ago, and labeled "special privilege," I commented in these columns on the vulgarity of the diatribe and expressed a hope that a way would be found to discipline the San Pedro sinner for his unbridled tongue. I am not sure that a suit for criminal libel will do it, which Mr. Gibbon has instituted against his detractor. Juries have a way of regarding newspaper editors as popular targets, in that manner paying back the innocent for the many sins of their less conscientious brethren of the craft. No one believes that Fremont Older of the San Francisco Bulletin was arrested in accordance with the law's requirements, yet his suit against Luther Brown for forcible abduction has resulted in the acquittal of the defendant, thus advertising the fact that editors are not entitled to the same protection vouchsafed the average citizen. Take my own case. Because I insisted that a certain judge in this city, now deceased, who was a candidate for pre-ferment before the people to a higher court, was ineligible, giving my reasons, which were sound and unanswerable, I was first fined one hundred dollars for contempt of court, and then sued for libel, a professional jury awarding the preposterous verdict of \$17,500, which the trial judge failed to set aside as an absurd miscarriage of justice.

No unprejudiced person doubts that I did my duty fearlessly and conscientiously in opposing the judicial aspirations of the candidate, yet a special pleader found no trouble in inducing a jury to me cruel injustice, the evidence being clear that I bore no malice in the premises, not even knowing the jurist by sight, criticising him solely for his extraordinary bench rulings and inadequate sentences. So I say to my friend, Thomas, beware the libel suit, for it biteth like an adder and stingeth like a serpent.

Special Assessment Hardships

My friend, Fielding J. Stilson, the well-known bond and stock broker, had an experience in court, Thursday, that elicited my interest. Street improvements along abutting property of the Stilson estate had been instituted under the Vroman act, while Fielding had been given to understand it was to be done under the bond system. As the notices were not posted on the property, as required by statute, he declined to pay the contractor when the bill was presented. The latter brought suit to enforce the claim which Fielding resisted on principle, as he was desirous of getting a ruling on his contention that a notice posted on one side of the street did not apply to the property on the opposite side, hence was a lack of proper notification. On this the trial judge ruled adversely and Fielding cheerfully paid the assessment. But he was victorious on another point. The lawyer for the contractor had asked for fees to be included, his charges varying from fifteen dollars on a three dollar assessment to larger amounts in proportion. This the judge refused to allow. If he had, the attorney's fees would have made the total bill almost as large again. I am inclined to the belief that the matter of notification in these special assessment proceedings cannot be too rigidly enforced. Twice, of late, I have been presented with special assessment bills on beach property, of the levying of which I had no knowledge until the contractor called for his pay, demanding ten per cent additional for deferred interest charges. This is an outrage on the property owner, it seems to me, that requires legislative relief.

Meyer Lissner's Good Work

I am glad to note that my sprightly contemporary Municipal Affairs, for May, pays deserved tribute to that sterling citizen Meyer Lissner, whose earnest and single-minded efforts in behalf of good government have subjected him to much adverse criticism. I have not always coincided with Mr. Lissner's judgment, but I have never questioned his sincerity of purpose, nor belittled his unsparing devotion to the public welfare in the exercise of which he has not hesitated to expend his time and his money in generous quantities. Because of his opposition to the organization, naturally, he has made many enemies, but considering he is not an office-seeker, has no selfish motive to sway him, his good work should commend him to all sincere citizens, whether they agree with his views or not.

New Spellbinder Uncovered

"Professional" Orator Frank G. Tyrrell will have to look to his laurels. At the University Club's discussion of the direct legislation embodied in the initiative, referendum and recall a new voice was raised in debate that gave evidence of great oratorical ability on the part of its owner. This hitherto unknown spellbinder is Samuel E. Vermilyea, an attorney in the Merchants' Trust building, whose oration Thursday night was a revelation to his fellow members. Real, old-fashioned, Fourth-of-July thrills were produced by the brilliant speaker, whose spirited defense of the recall principle aroused great enthusiasm. I advise chairmen of entertainment committees, looking for new material, to make a note of Mr. Vermilyea's address. Dr. John R. Haynes' admirable paper, to which Harry Maybury replied, was a notable contribution to the literature on the subject and the discussion which followed was maintained until a late hour.

Reverts Again to Harriman

When President E. P. Ripley of the Santa Fe was here last week, he was waited upon by certain of the local men of affairs who sought to interest him in the proposed union depot plan. Mr. Ripley listened to what the committee had to say and then informed his callers that the subject was one that he had not before considered. Later, he talked with General Manager Arthur G. Wells and Passenger Traffic Manager John J. Byrne, who explained what Los Angeles is trying to accomplish in this regard. Mr. Ripley conceded that the idea of a union depot is not impracticable, but if it comes at all it must be reached by way of the Southern Pacific, which company has been figuring for years upon an

enlarged Arcade station. Mr. Harriman appears to be the sole arbiter in the union depot case. He holds the project in the hollow of his hand, so to speak.

Mr. Hewitt's New Deputy

City Attorney Hewitt recently appointed a new assistant and while his deputy is referred to by the Times as Hon. W. W. Dodge, few of the lawyers of this city ever heard of him. Mr. Dodge is stated to be a Los Angeles pioneer of 1903, his former home having been in Iowa, where he was a member of the legislature, it is reported. He is stated to possess all the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of his duty. Certain of Mr. Hewitt's critics are heard protesting against this selection on account of the comparative recent advent of Mr. Dodge, but I would call their attention to the fact that one of the recent appointees to the superior bench of this county had been a resident of the state of even less duration than the new assistant city attorney.

In Memory of Swinburne.

(Vale, vale, in aeternum, vale!)

April whispers—"Canst thou, too, die,
Lover of life and lover of mine?"

April, queen over earth and sky,
Yearns, and her trembling lashes shine:
Master in song, good-bye, good-bye,
Down to the dim sea-line.

"This is my singing season," he cried,

"April, what sweet new song do you bring?"
April came and knelt at his side,
Breathing a song too great to sing—
Death!—and the dark cage-door swung wide:

Seaward the soul took wing.
Sleep, on the breast of thine old-world lover,
Sleep, by thy "fair green-girdled" sea!
There shall thy soul with the sea-birds hover,
Free of the deep as their wings are free,
Free; for the grave-flowers only cover
This, the dark cage of thee.

Thee, the storm-bird, nightingale-souled,
Brother of Sappho, the seas reclaim!
Age upon age have the great waves rolled,
Mad with her music, fierce and a-flame;
Thee, thee, too, shall their glory enfold,
Lit with thy snow-winged fame.

Back thro' the years fleets the sea-bird's wing;
Sappho, of old time, once,—ah, hark!
So did he love her of old and sing!

Listen, he flies to her, back thro' the dark!
Sappho, of old time, once!—Yea, Spring
Calls him home to her, hark!

Sappho, long since, in the years far sped,
Sappho, I loved thee! Did I not seem
Fosterling only of earth? I have fled.
Fled to thee, sister. Time is a dream!
Shelley is here with us! Death lies dead!

Ah, how the bright waves gleam.

Wide was the cage-door, idly swinging.
April touched me and whispered "Come:"
Out and away to the great deep winging;
Sister, I flashed to thee over the foam;
Cut to the sea of Eternity, singing

"Mother, thy child comes home."

Ah, but how shall we welcome May
Here where the wing of song droops low,
Here by the last green swinging spray
Brushed by the sea-bird's wings of snow,
We that gazed on his glorious way
Out where the great winds blow?

April whispers—"Canst thou, too, die,
Lover of life and lover of mine?"

April, conquering earth and sky,
Yearns, and her trembling lashes shine:
Master in song, good-bye, good-bye,
Down to the dim sea-line.

—Alfred Noyes, in New York Post.
Ewhurst, Rottingdean, Sussex, England.

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ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE

"Dramas-in-Little" might be the title of any of O. Henry's stories, so well does he select the moment and sustain the suspense of his counterfeit bits of life. "Roads of Destiny" is the name of his latest collection. The initial story, which gives title to the volume is not of the usual order of his choosing; it has little in it of the work-a-day world, but goes back to the days of romance, when blithesome youth starts forth to mould his destiny to his taste. It is fatalistic and quite different in tone from the usual jaunty heroes he leads out upon the road. But O. Henry seems to feel no personal responsibility for his characters. He sits beside the stream of life and dips in his net—all is fish. Whatever comes gets its due and yields him his Lord and lady, prince or pauper, he cares not at all, and whether the story be coarse or fine depends only upon the catch; his fidelity is absolute.

The one quality that is unfailing, and makes him the most distinctive short story writer of the day, is the dramatic intensity he gives to the least episode he handles. You do not anticipate the end in the first paragraph and you frequently do not find it until the last line. He has inexhaustible resources of plot and his climaxes are as unexpected as life itself. "A Retrieved Reformation," in the present collection, is a characteristic example of his method. A safe breaker is just paraded from a penitentiary; he has friends enough on the outside to insure the shortening of his term, and after an interval sufficient for a shave and the rejuvenation consequent upon several full meals, he goes merrily at his old task of circumventing all patent bolts and time locks. His method is "no confederates, long jumps, quick getaways." Ben Price, expert detective, recognizes Jim Valentine's autograph in this new series of burglaries and starts on his trail.

Meantime, in a country roads town, in Arkansas, Dandy Jim has looked into a girl's eyes, forgotten what he was, and becomes another man. He opens a shoe store, prospers, wins the respect of the townspeople and at the end of a year is about to marry the girl who has worked the transformation. Being thrifty, he decides to give his fine set of tools, some of which he has invented himself, to one of his old friends. He is on his way to the train, with the case in hand, in company with his fiancee, the banker's daughter, when they are conducted to the bank to inspect a new safe, burglarproof, of which the banker is proud. It is a family party, including two little girls; one of them shuts the other in the vault and turns the knobs. The lock is set and cannot be opened without the aid of an expert who is miles away.

While this inspection has been going on Ben Price, the expert detective, saunters in, looking casually through the bars; he has just tracked his prey. There are screams and faintings when the plight of the child is discovered and Annabel, the girl, turns to her lover with the confidence that he will do something about it. He does. With a queer little smile he opens the tool case, takes off his coat and in ten minutes, thereby "beating his own time," bores through the steel plates and around knobs and bars, opens the door and restores the child to its mother. He makes no attempt at explanation, realizing the utter futility, as he recognizes the detective at the window. He closes the case and without a word to his friends leaves the room.

This would, ordinarily, be considered sufficient material for a good short story, dramatic, stirring, human; but not with O. Henry; the climax is yet to come; the story has three more lines! ("Roads of Destiny.") By O. Henry. Doubleday, Page & Co.

M. H. C.

"Death Valley Slim"

Pauline Worth's "Death Valley Slim" is a series of desert stories, attractively presented and with illustrations that add effectiveness. The stories are all

melodramatic, with the breath of the great outdoors in them, and a certain quaintness of description that makes their reading far from dull. The plots are excellent, and in a man's hand would have gained considerable strength, but Miss Worth (a local author) has worked them out in true woman fashion, making them picturesquely pretty and gentle. ("Death Valley Slim.") By Pauline Worth. Segnogram Press.)

"The Landlubbers"

Many a day has elapsed since one of the ever popular tales of love and adventure and shipwreck have been turned out by a publishing house of high standard—that is, a tale in which romance, sinking vessels, weird backgrounds and "Ancient Mariner" incidents are commingled. That may explain why "The Landlubbers," Gertrude King's novel, is refreshing to a mind jaded by the reading of innumerable problem novels which deal largely with the love of a married heroine for a god-like creature who is not her husband. Dick Darragh, the hero of the story, is not the stereotyped brave gentleman of fiction, for he has a bad habit of responding to the enticing call of Bacchante's red lips. But when he and Pauline Harding, the woman of his heart, are left alone on a badly disabled ship that drifts into the maddening confines of the Dead Sea, he manages, after stormy tribulations, to overcome his weakness. The love interest is a good one, and while the tale is wildly improbable, it is as interesting as the adventures of Swiss Family Robinson of childhood memory. ("The Landlubbers.") By Gertrude King. Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"Lincoln's Love Story"

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might:
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.

It is a variation in a minor key from a majestic theme that Eleanor Atkinson essays to interpret in "Lincoln's Love Story," and the haunting sweetness and tender pathos of the unselfish devotion of a great heart for a delicate, flower-like woman is idealized into a strain so exquisite that the hearer bows the head as approaching a most holy of holies, the reverent love of a strong and good man for an ideal, never to grow commonplace. It seems almost sacrilegious to draw the curtain aside and gaze upon the cruel tortures of the soul of the man, even though so delicately and reverently limned. Ann Rutledge's consuming grief for the faithless McNamar, and tragic death even in the sun of the loving kindness and inspiration of a lover, whose courtship bore the fragrance of ideality, and man whose brain and magnetism were destined to rule thousands in love and admiration is only surpassed by the agony of the bereaved that bitter night, "I cannot bear to think of her out there alone, in the cold and darkness and storm," voicing the sorrow, longing and misery of desolation that was his. So the story of this simple country romance, through tears and the power of sympathy too deep for words, makes all anew the lovers of Lincoln. Full of feeling that thrills the gazer with the sense of the holiness of goodness and life is the model of the head of Lincoln by Gutzon Borglum, in which a brooding sadness marks the strong, rugged features that seem to speak from the page in their life-like lines. This in itself is a volume. ("Lincoln's Love Story.") By Eleanor Atkinson. Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"Songs Everyone Should Know"

Like literature in the form of poetry and story, musical literature also has so enormously increased in volume that it is necessary to weed out if the best is to be preserved to the growing minds of children. The American Book Company has published a book of "Songs Everyone Should Know," edited by Clifton Johnson. It includes national songs folksongs, like "The Minstrel Boy," "Blue Bells of Scotland," "Annie Laurie," "Songs of Romance," "Nature Songs," "College Songs" and a few religious songs. The collection forms a good foundation for musical culture, so far as songs are concerned, and familiarity with them is an essential to the education of children. The music is not difficult and the songs are conveniently grouped. ("Songs Everyone Should Know.") Edited by Clifton Johnson. American Book Co.)

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Magazines of the Month

May's issue of the Pacific Monthly is a particularly entertaining one. First place is given to an article by Edwin Emerson Jr., "The Land of Good Intentions," in which the writer gives a striking account of the political and social conditions in Central America, with reference to the direct interest of the United States therein. Randall R. Howard contributes the story of "An Interesting Railroad Situation," whereby Oregon contains vast areas of railroadless territory, a cause for which condition has been assigned to Mr. Harriman. "Where Americans are Unsuccessful," by F. W. Fitzpatrick, is a timely article on the evils of non-fireproof construction in our large cities. C. J. Blanchard, statistician of the United States reclamation service, writes of "National Irrigation in the Northwest." In the fiction department there are four clever stories, the strongest of which is "The Case of Jim Moran" by John Richelsen, being the tale of the trials of a governor upon whom great pressure is brought to pardon a criminal. "Singing in the Rain," by Ednah Aiken, is a charming and well-written story of a wife. "Bell-the-Cat," by Eugene Rhodes, is a delightful story of a Southwestern character who demonstrates that he is able to take care of himself in most adverse circumstances. "The Literary Lion" is a pleasing essay by Lionel Josaphare. Charles Badger Clark Jr. contributes to the number one of his fine poems of the plains, and another engaging story is "The End of Life," by George P. West.

In "The National Note in Recent Spanish Art," the leading article in The Craftsman for May, Christian Brinton contributes a succinct history of Ignacio Zuloaga, whose paintings are now being shown in America, and his work is contrasted with that of Sorolla,

showing how both though widely different, are fundamentally national. Giles Edgerton writes in a delightful manner about Wilhelm Funk, and what he has achieved as "A Painter of Personality." "The Spring Exhibit of the National Academy of Design" shows how the national spirit in American art is gaining ground. Countess N. Tolstoi writes a naive portrayal of simple Russian peasant customs and beliefs, her story being based upon the advent of a letter which came to a Russian village and caused so much excitement that all work there was stopped. A story of Pan, a charming account of his wanderings through the streets of Paris, is a feature of the issue. Despite the technical material, Ernest A. Bachelder's article on "Mediaeval Iron Work" carries a charm unusual in such a subject. "The Boy on the Farm," his problem and opportunities, is discussed at length and a plan set forth which is to be given trial at Craftsman farms. An interesting account of American looms, where distinctive American tapestries are woven, appears in the May number and other entertaining articles are included in the issue.

In the May issue of Lippincott's the complete novel is "The Pomegranate Seed," by Katherine Metcalf Roof, a powerfully realistic story of present-day stage life. Another interesting feature is the first of two Ouida papers, which, written by that well-known author in the prime of her life, have been held as she stipulated, until after her death, for publication. In this issue the subject of the paper is "Shall Women Vote?" a study of feminine unrest, its causes and remedies. Other notable contributions to the May number are stories by Mary Roberts Rinehart, Maarten Maartens, Elsie Singmaster, Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Minna Thomas Antrim.



By Blanche Rogers Lott

The principal event of the future is the symphony concert to be given May 21, next Friday, at the Temple Auditorium, by the Woman's Orchestra and Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra combined. It will be in the afternoon, so the entire Symphony Orchestra can be present. The total number of players scheduled to appear is 130. This concert is something which should appeal to the pride of every resident of Los Angeles. Such an aggregation of players is decidedly unusual, but beyond mere numbers the point is, it represents two organizations which have worked to the credit of the city for years, sometimes under great financial loss. The Woman's Orchestra itself holds a place entirely alone in the United States—in reality, in the world. Every artist of note who has visited this city has known of the work of this organization and expressed great astonishment at its size and personnel. Harley Hamilton, the founder of both these orchestras, will conduct, and the soloists selected are Geneva Johnstone-Bishop and Arnold Krauss. The program is as follows:

"War March of the Priests," Athalia (Mendelssohn); Eighth Symphony in B Minor, Unfinished (Schubert); "Let the Bright Seraphim," Samson (Handel); Overture to Hamlet (Gade); Polonaise Militaire (Chopin); Two Movements from Concerto E Minor (Mendelssohn); Two elegiac melodies for strings alone (Grieg); Overture to William Tell (Rossini).

The Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra society had its annual meeting last Monday, the efficient officers being re-elected. They are: Mrs. H. L. Macneil, president; Mrs. J. S. Chapman, vice-president; Mrs. W. G. Kerckhoff, second vice-president; Miss Myra Hershey, third vice-president; Miss Victoria Witmer, secretary; Mrs. J. C. Koepfl, treasurer. The list of directors shows there are prominent people in Los Angeles who have a vital interest in this chiefest musical concern. Included are: Mrs. Alfred Solano, Mr. W. H. Booth, Miss Myra Hershey, Mrs. W. G. Kerckhoff, Mrs. H. L. Story, Mr. Fred A. Walton, Mrs. J. G. Mossin, Miss Victoria Witmer, Mrs. W. F. Botsford, Mrs. J. S. Chapman, Dr. Norman Bridge, Mrs. H. L. Macneil, Dr. A. L. Macleish, Mrs. J. O. Koepfl, Mr. James Slauson, Mrs. Walter Raymond, Mrs. Howard Huntington and Mrs. Fred Bixby. In addition to these names one should consider the many associate members.

Miss Harriet Johnson gave a piano recital last Saturday afternoon at the Ebell club house. Her program was a well arranged one, containing the best in piano literature, and she deserves much credit for presenting such a program. The Beethoven sonata opus 31, No. 3, was played with much spirit, but in uneven rhythm and technically indistinct. Miss Johnson has a beautiful tone in the soft passages, but in the pieces requiring power, quality is sacrificed for quantity. Valse Badinage (Music Box) by the Russian Liadow, was a rare bit of playing and a repetition of it was desired by the audience. That pleasurable prelude by Fannie Dillon was beautifully given, and both the pianist and composer were compelled to make many acknowledgements. Of special mention also should be the difficult "Isolde's Liebestod" (Wagner-Liszt) which was splendidly played.

I hear on excellent authority that Miss Dillon has in course of construction an orchestral suite of decided merit. It would be difficult to find a better authority than the one referred to—one who has heard and studied the monumental musical works for fifty years.

An unusual treat was theirs who attended the chamber concerts of the Passmore Trio of San Francisco last Friday evening and Saturday afternoon. Here are ideal conditions for ideal chamber concerts: three sisters, who, since their earliest of student efforts,

have worked together. Meantime, each has worked individually on her chosen instrument. The years in Germany gave them a chance to hear the best and study under the guidance of the best, singly and together. Their ensemble teacher was Anton Hekking, who is a master in that line in addition to being one of the greatest living cellists. The Mozart and Tchaikowsky trios were given musically interpretation, the technical difficulties met with ease. In the last trio the piano rightfully dominates, but it seemed that the instrument was taxed to extreme in the forte passages. The tone of the three artists is excellent and the balance is unusually fine, but personally I would prefer them to work toward finer lines in nuances, more exaggerated pianissimos and less FFF. The second concert collided with another recital, so it had to be missed. If Miss Cello Passmore played the Boellman variations as well as Miss Violin did the Bach Chaconne at the first concert, I missed a treat.

It isn't right to give away official secrets, but there is some musical work going on in the Dominant Club that excels any known to me in the musical goings on of this city. Called upon to accompany a woman's quartet the other day, brought forth this fact and it is too good to keep. The members of this quartet, Mrs. Bertha Vaughn, first soprano; Mrs. Charles M. Stivers, second soprano; Miss Beresford Joy, first alto; Miss Katherine Ebbert, second alto, are preparing numbers for a Dominant Club meeting, but it is certainly to be hoped that the Ellis Club or Orpheus Club seizes this group of artists for one of its public concerts, thus giving more than the Dominant Club membership the opportunity to hear a woman's quartet of musicianly singers.

Miss Olga Steeb, the talented piano pupil of Thilo Becker, has arrived in London ere this, under the fortunate chaperonage of Mr. and Mrs. William Shakespeare. Olga has worked faithfully with Mr. Becker for years; has been willing to forego all that appertains to a prodigy's career and now goes to London equipped in every way to take a prominent place among the debutantes who have been studying in Europe the same number of years. She has in her repertory many concertos, ready for any orchestra, and several programs. She also takes with her a knowledge broader than a mere musical education, for science, literature, and art have not been neglected. No wonder Mr. Shakespeare said she did not need to go for study, but to play and become known.

Little Adelaide Gosnell, a pupil of Mrs. James G. Ogilvie is another pianist whose career will be watched with interest. This child, thirteen years old is working quietly but effectually on big programs and plays remarkably well already.

Mr. and Mrs. Philo Becker will be heard in a joint recital at Simpson Auditorium, June 4. These artists are too rarely heard and it is a pleasure to look forward to their program, which will include Cesar Franck's sonata for violin and piano.

Willy Burmester, the famous violinist, will visit America in 1910-11. Another great Hollander, the contralto, Tilly Koenen, is due for her first American tour next season. Fritz Kreisler returns for another tour, opening in Boston, October 15. Jenny Osborne Hanna, well known in the middle states for several years prior to her German triumphs, has been engaged for the Metropolitan Opera next season. For five years she has been leading soprano of the Leipzig city opera. Constantino is to be one of the Boston opera forces next season. The Hungarian woman pianist, who has had tremendous London successes, Yolande Mero, will tour America next season, and many managers are carrying on researches for more stars on the other side.

Paris is to erect a statue in honor of Beethoven. The work is by a young sculptor, M. Jose de Charmoy, who is of English nationality, as he was born in Mauritius, though of French descent. His Beethoven is a colossal monument. The gigantic figure of the composer, draped in simple folds, is half reclining on a slab of stone, supported by four genii, whose faces wear different expressions. The whole monument is said

to have force and simplicity. It will be erected in a wooded park, in deference to what Beethoven once said: "I prefer a tree to a man."

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Musical America gives us a clever declaration of Selma Kurz, the marvelous coloratura singer who is to sing with the Metropolitan Opera Company next year. She says that Strauss has solved the problem for the employment of middle-aged singers: "The young ones can't sing his operas, and old ones won't." This singer, who has been promised to the New York company for several seasons, but was tied up at Vienna, is only thirty years old and devoted to her art absolutely, as is shown by this little personal reminiscence: While apartment hunting in London once, a place with large windows attracted the Californians. Inquiry brought out the fact that Selma Kurz had the windows and could never be disturbed as "she studies or rests all the time," so, during the opera performances or rehearsal mornings, a room hunter might look out of the windows instead of in them. Students little dream of the slavery of the sincere artists to their art. Selma Kurz was then a favorite at Covent Garden, but not even in the midst of success did she rest on her oars.

Jacksonville, Fla., has a choral society which gave its first musical festival last month. Assisting the society were the New York Symphony Orchestra, Walter Damrosch conducting, Jeanne Jomelli, Nevada van der Veer, Corrine Rider-Kelsey, Reed Miller, and Gustav Holmquist. These artists were all brought from New York.

Expert in Handwriting Called

Prof. E. K. Isaacs, president of the Woodbury Business College, has been in Tombstone, Ariz., this week, where he was called to testify as handwriting expert in the United States government case against the Mexican revolutionaries, Magon, Villarcal and Rivera, which has been pending in the courts for nearly two years, and has been transferred from this city to Arizona.

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By Rene T. de Quelin

Through the generous expenditure of many thousands of dollars by Mr. H. E. Huntington, of local electric railroad fame, he has for that amount secured one of George Romney's best canvases, that of the "Horsley Children." Southern California has leaped to the front in the acquisition of valuable works by celebrated masters. This is one of Romney's most successful portrait canvases, and shows two children, full length, standing under a tree on a terrace. The younger child, apparently about five or six, is dressed in white, with a broad sash around the waist in a dull blue, fastened in the back by a full, rich bow and streamers. The older girl, probably about eight years old, is also dressed in white, with a blue sash, but the blue of this sash is richer and darker than that of the younger child, who stands facing her sister, who has a corn flower in her left hand. It is one of the best paintings that Romney ever finished and was executed when he was at the height of his popularity, having been painted in 1793. This canvas was exhibited in 1900 at the Grafton gallery, in the Fair Children exhibition, and was loaned by Francis B. Macdonald, its owner, to whom it had been bequeathed by one of the children in the picture. It was finally bought by Lady Gordon Cumming, who reluctantly parted with it to aid her husband several years ago. And now it will find a resting place in the new and beautiful home of Mr. Huntington, in South Pasadena.

Romney's works are intensely interesting and valuable, as he was a contemporary of the great English portrait painters, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Thomas Gainsborough. He was born at Dalton, in Lancashire, England, December 15, 1734, his father a village carpenter and cabinetmaker. George Romney showed early signs of gifted mechanical skill, consequently the father wished him to follow in his footsteps, but he was passionately fond of music and the arts, and fought against his older man's cherished wishes. Having secured a copy of Leonardo's "Treatise on Painting," with a few wood-cuts, he devoted his time to the study of drawing and painting, finally being apprenticed to a local portrait painter of the name of Steele, who afterward ran away to Ireland with an heiress, which left young Romney to shift for himself. His first public work was that of a sign for a letter carrier, painting a hand holding a letter; the next was the execution of local portraits, which he did very well. But he tired of all this and went to London, where he soon made a stir in the art world. Unfortunately, he had a misunderstanding with Sir Joshua Reynolds, which left them enemies for life. This was the reason why Romney never entered a picture for exhibition in the Royal Academy, neither was he accorded the honor of R. A. Nevertheless, he made valuable friends with the nobility of England, the Duke of Richmond giving him a letter to the Pope on his leaving England for Italy, which was in 1773. He went to Paris, then traveled down the Rhone, reaching the Mediterranean, from there crossed over to Genoa by boat, later going to Florence, thence to Rome. He carefully studied all the old masters, but was closely in spirit with the works of Giorgione, Titian and Paolo Veronese. Vernet, the French painter, received him cordially, and they became great friends and remained so for life.

Romney was considered in England one of the greatest portrait painters of his time, and many of the nobility ranked him above Sir Joshua Reynolds, which only increased the jealousy of the latter and further embittered the feeling held by these two great men. There is no doubt that, had it not been for his extraordinary fickleness of temperament and the absolute uncontrol of his feelings, Romney would have had the greatest name in his day. He was most romantic, lively in spirit, full of imagination, mercurial, a queer mingling of extra-

dinary strength with weakness, moved solely by personal feeling for the moment, restraint being unknown to him. The consequence was he began hundreds of canvases that were never finished, and gave promises of things that were never fulfilled; in fact, it was said that the only certain thing about him was his uncertainty. His great forte was his wonderful feeling for woman's beauty, brilliancy, liveliness and coquetry, expressing all with marvelous spontaneity.

Many members of the nobility became his fast friends. He was greatly liked by Lady Hamilton, who repeatedly posed for him in different characters. Among his best and firm friends were Lord de Tabley, Earl of Cawdor, Lord Thurlow, the Rothschild family, Lord Henry Petts, Lady Louisa Fitzpatrick, Lady Mary Parkhurst, Lady Cavendish-Bentick and Lady Derby, all of whom he painted. There are nine of his paintings in the National gallery of London, one of which is an unfinished portrait of himself that was sold by Miss Romney in 1894. Mr. Lockett Agnew, of the celebrated Agnew firm in London, owns five of his portraits, the Wallace gallery has one, the Marquis of Lansdowne two, the Earl of Granville seven, four of which are of members of the Rothschild family. What he really thought of portrait painting is best expressed in his own words: "This cursed portrait-painting! How I am shackled with it." Men of today voice the same sentiments.

Last Monday an exhibition of landscapes, by Ernest Browning Smith, opened in the Blanchard galleries. It consists of thirty paintings in oil, sixteen of which are Catalina subjects. There is much that is good, and much that is bad, which would have been wiser in the artist not to have shown. On the whole, the work shows this painter to have the temperament of the true artist, but that he has something to learn to be an accomplished painter, and, after all, this is the true spirit.

"Early Moonrise" is one of the best of his canvases. It is a fine bit of color, well understood in its harmony and kept well controlled in its key of color, containing excellent values and tones, which are rather marred by a spotty technique, disturbing the tranquillity of the otherwise admirable color scheme. "Early Morn in the Arroyo" is a good rendering of the fresh, gray light of morn, which is well suffused through the picture, a tender appreciation of the subtle tones at that particular time of day, and in direct contrast to "Early Moonrise," which hangs beside it. "Snow Among the Pines" is a strong bit of snow painting from Mt. Wilson in the winter months. In this case the technical rendering, as well as the appreciation of color in the snow, is more pleasing and admirable. "Hills in Sunshine," a bit of Catalina, with splendid renderings of reflections in the water, also good color notes throughout. "Sunset Glow" is an excellent piece of color, with good, clear tones. "Sunset" is another admirable canvas, so far as color is concerned; "The Bay of Avalon," also good in this respect; "The Island" is a fine piece of still water rendering, with excellent, clear and wet reflections, good in color, some good values and tones; "Early Moonrise, Catalina," is fine in sky and water, in fact an excellent piece of color, full of vibration, and in technical handling for this part, good. "The Mesa" shows a clear understanding in the portrayal of distant mountains and clouds. "Cloudy Moonrise," good in color and the middle distance; "The Shining Shore," excellent in many respects, but faulty in aerial perspective.

When we take into consideration that the worker has never taken a lesson, being absolutely self-taught, we must rank his work as very good, and certainly deserving our greatest encouragement, for we can detect the true artist through all the mistakes he has unavoidably made. The exhibition would have had much greater value if he had not shown "The Cliff, High Tide," "Sketch, Annandale" and "The Incoming Tide," with possibly two or three others which mar, greatly, the effect of the whole. Without these he would have had a good showing left, as regards numbers, but the fault of a majority of painters is an aim for quantity, instead of a select few. This artist, who is professionally a musician, has all the subtle qualities for

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a good painter, but needs serious study in composition, aerial perspective and a better technical handling to express what he sees and feels.

It is gratifying to note that the response to the public appeal of the Fine Arts League has been wonderfully appreciative. This splendid organization, just emerging from its embryo state, has already a firm hold upon public favor. The committees are already seeking a location in an absolutely fireproof building, so that the many beautiful and valuable works of art can be exhibited without any risk of loss. A great many of our wealthy citizens have promised to loan their valuable collections for exhibit under the care of this league, and so also have many eastern concerns, who would only be too glad to have their works shown if they knew there would be a minimum of risk. All this will reach a culmination for a splendid fall exhibit, which will include every branch of true and applied art. Mr. Charles Mulford Robinson has just been enrolled as a member of the advisory board. There are many able and influential citizens on this board, who are bound to make it a great success. Mr. William A. Matern is chairman of the committee to locate suitable quarters in a strictly fireproof building.

Jules Pages' paintings have been rehung in the Steckel gallery, taking the place of the late Fine Arts League showing.

Last week there was an interesting showing of the work of the pupils in the various schools in South Pasadena, given at the high school of that section, which was brought together by Miss Ada M. Chase, the supervisor of drawing and art in the schools there. An interesting paper was read by her on "The Art and Manual Training in the Public Schools of the United States." The exhibition was largely attended by the pupils and their parents and also greatly appreciated by them. At the same time was displayed copies of old masters loaned by Mr. Dewar, and greatly enjoyed by the visitors.

Little Corner of Art Exhibit Continued
Miss Idah Stowbridge's exhibition of private paintings will remain open to the public at the "Little Corner of Local Art" until May 31. The gallery, at 231 East Avenue Forty-one, is reached by Garvanza cars.



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By Ruth Burke

EVENTS FOR THE WEEK

MONDAY—Mrs. Matthew William Everhardy, 1401 Alvarado Terrace, card party; afternoon.

TUESDAY—Mrs. W. O. Morton, 553 South Hope street, card party for the members of the Westlake "500" Club.

WEDNESDAY—Wedding, Miss Hattie Bradford and Mr. Frank Alexander, at home of bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Bradford, 4555 Pasadena avenue; evening. Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Learned, 2638 Gleason street, reception for their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. McMeans; evening.

THURSDAY—Mrs. Robert Marsh and Mrs. Louise Pratt, large garden tea at the home of Mrs. Marsh, in Westchester place. Wedding of Miss Lillian Merrill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Alexander Merrill, to Dr. Stephen Yerkes Van Meter, Highland Park Presbyterian church; afternoon. Members of the Cinqunata Club, dancing party at the Woman's club house; evening.

SATURDAY—Wedding, Miss Edna Barlow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allison Barlow, 705 West Thirtieth street, to Mr. Wright Coulter, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Coulter, at the Broadway Christian church; evening. Mrs. Wiley J. Rouse, 631 West Twenty-first street, bridge party for her sister, Mrs. Ralph Grover of Berkeley.

Although simple in its appointments, the wedding Wednesday, May 12, of Miss Edythe Learned and Mr. Henry J. McMeans of New York was of particular interest to a host of friends in Los Angeles and in the eastern home city of the groom. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Learned of 2638 Gleason street, and Mr. McMeans is a wealthy young business man of New York. The ceremony took place at noon at the home of the bride's parents. Rev. C. E. Locke, pastor of the First Methodist church, officiated. There were no attendants. The bride's gown was of white messaline crepe, trimmed with real lace and pearls. It was made with a long train and in draped effect. Her veil was held in place with a wreath of orange blossoms and she carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. The bride's going-away gown was a gray tailored suit with hat and boots to match. A wedding luncheon was served following the service and Mr. and Mrs. McMeans left immediately afterward for Coronado, where they will remain a week. Mr. and Mrs. Learned will entertain for their son-in-law and daughter with a reception Wednesday evening, May 19, and Mr. and Mrs. McMeans will leave the following day for an extended wedding trip, which will include a sojourn in San Francisco and other northern points of interest, a visit to the Seattle-Yukon exposition, an outing trip in the Adirondacks and six or eight weeks at the Thousand Isles. Mr. and Mrs. McMeans will make their home in New York City.

Many and delightful pre-nuptial affairs have been given within the fortnight in honor of Miss Hattie Bradford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Bradford of 4555 Pasadena avenue, and her betrothed, Mr. Frank Alexander. Among the entertainments last week at which they were special guests was a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Bradford, brother and sister-in-law of the bride, at their home, 4560 Pasadena avenue. Last Saturday Mrs. George S. Safford and her daughter, Mrs. Albert Bonsall, entertained with a luncheon for Miss Bradford at the Hershey Arms, where Mrs. Safford lives. Monday evening of this week Miss Bradford and Mr. Alexander were guests of honor at a theater party given at the Orpheum by Mr. Raymond Moore and Mr. Clark Briggs, who are to be Mr. Alexander's groomsmen. Following the performance a supper was served at Levy's. Guests included the members of the bridal party only. Tuesday afternoon an entirely informal affair was given by Miss Florence Pollard for Miss Bradford. Bridge whist was the diversion. Thursday evening the bride-elect and her betrothed were guests at a dinner party given by Miss Ethel Fraser of Ocean Park and yesterday afternoon Miss Bradford was the complimented guest at a handsomely appointed luncheon at the San Gabriel country club by Mrs. William E. Oliver of Manhattan place. A number of other less formal affairs have been given in honor of this charming young bride-elect and her fiance since the announcement a few weeks ago of their engagement. Date

for their wedding has been set for Wednesday, May 19. The ceremony will be celebrated in the evening at the home of the bride's parents. Miss Edna Bradford, sister of the bride, will be maid of honor and the bridesmaids chosen are Mrs. Raymond Bradford and Miss Margaret Wathen of Louisville. Mr. Raymond Bradford will be best man.

Simple and extremely attractive in its appointments was the wedding Tuesday evening of Miss Alpha Allen and Mr. Charles R. L. Crenshaw, which took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Allen, 2107 West Twenty-eighth street. The service was read by Rev. Baker P. Lee and Miss Leila Wristler played the wedding marches. Quantities of Shasta daisies and ferns were utilized in effecting a pretty decoration. The bridal party stood beneath a canopy formed of the blossoms. The bride was attired in a handsome gown of white satin and carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley and ferns. Her veil of tulle was fastened with orange blossoms. Miss Elizabeth Allen, sister of the bride was her maid of honor. She wore a white lingerie gown and carried a bouquet of Cecil Bruner roses. Mr. George Mossbacher was best man and little Master Gwynn and Caroline Allen were ribbon bearers. The young bride, who formerly lived in Carthage, Mo., is popular socially, and the groom, a graduate of Ann Arbor, is prominent in both business and social circles of this city. Mr. and Mrs. Crenshaw will enjoy a honeymoon trip to Seattle, and upon their return will make their home at 210 West Twenty-eighth street.

As a complete surprise to her many friends and admirers in Southern California is the announcement received here of the marriage of Miss Elinor Peralta, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Burmeister of Santa Monica, to Mr. John Hickman. The marriage took place in Torres, State of Sonora, Mexico, where Miss Peralta has been the guest of Mrs. Myra Seymour and her daughter, Miss Merelina Seymour. According to the custom in Mexico, two services, a church and a civil ceremony, took place, the first being celebrated in the Catholic church, May 5. The bride belongs to the well-known Peralta family of Northern California. For a number of years she has been identified with the leading tennis players of Southern California, having competed many times victoriously with the famous Suttons. Mr. Hickman is a civil engineer and is located at The Colorado, State of Sonora, Mexico.

Principal among the affairs of next week will be the garden tea which Mrs. Robert Marsh and Mrs. Louise Pratt will give Thursday, May 20, at the home of the former in Westchester place. The function will be one of the most elaborately appointed and brilliant of the season and more than seven hundred invitations have been issued for the event. Assisting the hostesses in receiving will be Mmes. Nicholas E. Rice, Willits J. Hole, Alfred Doneau, Charles H. Tolt, J. E. Marsh, Joseph Pa'tton, Nicholas Milbank, Lawrence Burck, R. W. Burnham, S. M. Goddard, Frank Hart, Edwin S. Rowley, Viola Kennedy, J. E. Marsh, J. H. Call, Richard Mercer, C. E. Rundell and H. M. Sale.

Of the week's entertainments, one of the most delightful and brilliant was the tea given Friday afternoon by Mrs. Frederick E. Fay and her daughter, Miss Cynthia Fay, of 1298 Orange street. The affair was in compliment to Mrs. Ira A. Campbell of Seattle, formerly Miss Zella Fay, and also in honor of Mrs. G. Hamilton Fay, the daughter-in-law of Mrs. Fay, who has come to Los Angeles to make her home. Two hundred and fifty cards were issued for the event and the hostesses were assisted by Mmes. A. N. Davidson, J. A. Osgood, Henry Martin, P. A. Rex, Calbert Wilson, F. O. Wyman, Frank Fay, Benjamin Harwood, Bernal Dvas and Misses Kate Fay and Leola Allen.

Mrs. Frank W. Burnett of Eighth and Beacon streets was hostess Monday at a luncheon of sixty covers at the California Club, the affair being the second of a series which she is giving. The table was set in the form of a cross, banked in the center with a profusion of red roses and ferns, extending in ribbon effects through the

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center of each section. Assisting the hostess were her sister, Mrs. J. H. Barbour, Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Mrs. W. H. Ennis, Mrs. W. A. Clark Jr., Mrs. Jefferson Paul Chandler, Mrs. J. W. McKinley, Mrs. West Hughes and Mrs. Willoughby Rodman.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Armstrong of 1300 West Sixteenth street announce the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Gladys Armstrong, to Mr. Howard Mortimer Leggett, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Leggett of Oroville. Miss Armstrong is a graduate of the University of Southern California and will be a post-graduate this year of Berkeley. She is a member of the Entre Nous sorority. Mr. Leggett is affiliated with the Kappa Sigma fraternity. The wedding will take place this autumn at the home of the bride's parents.

Cards received by Los Angeles friends of Mrs. Henry Wilson Hart announce her recent marriage in Boston to Mr. Michael Francis Regan of New York City. The ceremony was celebrated Saturday, April 24, and news of the wedding is of particular interest to members of Los Angeles' exclusive set, Mrs. Regan having been prominent in social, club and art circles. She is a woman of unusual charm and brilliancy, and as an art connoisseur gave much of her interest to her valuable collection of treasures. Her home in New York is the repository for many and rare paintings, sculpture and other art designs. Her Los Angeles home at Ninth and Burlington, which she recently sold, containing many fine old treasures, the greater number of which Mrs. Regan recently presented to the Ruskin Art Club and the Archaeological Society. In November last Mrs. Regan visited here and at that time was the recipient of much social attention from her many friends. Mr. Regan, the groom, is a prominent New Yorker and a man of high attainments. He is at the head of large manufacturing interests there.

Many friends will be interested in the formal announcement made of the engagement of Miss Lillian Gough, daughter of Mr. R. T. Gough of Baltimore, to Mr. Richard Scott of England. The wedding will take place in San Diego the latter part of June. Miss Corinne Gough, sister of the bride, will be maid of honor. Mr. Scott and his bride will make their home at Ramona.

Miss Mabel Hoffman, whose engagement to Mr. Burton Elmer Heartt was announced recently, entertained Thursday with a whist matinee. Announcement was made at that time of the approaching wedding of Miss Hoffman and Mr. Heartt, which will take place June 15, at the home of the bride-elect on North Fair Oaks avenue, Altadena. Miss Laura Hoffman, sister of the bride-to-be, will assist as maid of honor and Mr. J. Roy Hoffman will be best man.

Mrs. William Monroe Lewis of 3016 South Figueroa street gave an informal luncheon Friday at her home in compliment to Miss Ruth Beal of Kentucky, who is the house guest of Mrs. R. W. Wise of West Twenty-seventh street. Besides the guest of honor present were Misses Gertrude Gooding, Mary Hunsacker, Edyth Mitchell, Lizzie Lewis, Sarah Goodrich, Miss McEwing and Mrs. David Barnmore.

Miss Ruth Allen Yerger of Valencia street is entertaining Miss Nina Adams of San Francisco, and recently gave a delightful whist party in honor of her guest. Miss Adams is the daughter of Mr. Jay Adams of San Francisco, connected with the Nickel Plate road as general agent of the passenger department. Formerly they lived at Ocean Park, where Miss Adams with her sister was a member of the Shirt Waist Club and was popular in the younger society circles of the beach city and Los Angeles.

One of the prettily appointed affairs of Wednesday was the luncheon and bridge whist party of which Mrs. Arthur H. Braly of 991 Arapahoe street was hostess. The guests of honor were Mrs. Herman Janss, who has recently returned from an extended eastern trip and the latter's house guest, Miss Lenore Herzberg of Chicago. Twenty-four guests were entertained.

Mrs. William R. Rowland and Miss Rowland of 805 South Bonnie Brae street, with Mrs. Edward Clarence Moore, entertained Tuesday with a luncheon at Hotel Alexandria. The



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table decorations were entirely of pink roses and foliage. Covers were laid for fifty guests.

Mrs. George S. Patton and her daughter, Miss Anita Patton, of North San Gabriel, left recently for the east, where they will attend the graduation, in June, of Mrs. Patton's son, Mr. George Patton, who is a cadet at West Point. Mr. Patton, who is a member of the board of visitors of the academy, will join his family later.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Cocke of 316 West Thirty-first street announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Amy Frances Cocke, to Dr. James C. Kendrick, formerly of Denver, Colo. The wedding will take place in June at the bride's home.

Pasadenans this week have enjoyed a busy round of social festivities. Tuesday, Miss Marjory Bolt was hostess at a bridge party given in compliment to Miss Maud Daggett, who with her mother, Mrs. Charles D. Daggett and her sister, Miss Ruth Daggett, will leave May 18 for the east, sailing later for Europe, where Miss Daggett will pursue her studies in sculpture. The same day Mrs. Charles D. Callery entertained with a luncheon and Mrs. Henry T. Fuller gave a large bridge whist party at the Valley Hunt Club. Mrs. Herman Hertel of West California street was hostess Thursday at bridge and Mrs. Harry Gray entertained that day with a handsomely appointed luncheon. Yesterday Miss Margaret Reynolds gave a bridge party at the Valley Hunt Club, seventy invitations having been issued for the event, and this evening the members of that club will enjoy a military euchre party.

In honor of Mrs. Harvey Deardorff, Mrs. C. M. Benbrook entertained Tuesday with a large luncheon at the Los Angeles country club. Guests were seated at small tables, which were artistically decorated with spring flowers. Following the luncheon, cards were played. The hostess was assisted by Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, Mrs. Albert Crutcher, Mrs. Cliff Page, Mrs. John Page and Mrs. L. P. Hart.

Mrs. W. H. Jamison of 2024 South Hoover street gave a farewell entertainment Thursday evening for Miss Bessie Bartlett, who for a fortnight has been the recipient of many delightful affairs. One of the principal features of the evening was a monologue by Mrs. Fred Miller. Miss Bartlett and her father, Mr. A. G. Bartlett, leave this morning for the east, whence they sail shortly for Europe.

Miss Gertrude Workman and Mrs. Mary J. Schallert have returned from Arrowhead Springs, where they have been enjoying a few days' outing. Among other well-known Los Angelans who have been sojourning at these popular springs are Mrs. William Hook, Mrs. Halladay, Dr. and Mrs. F. K. Ledyard, Mr. and Mrs. Loew and Mr. Nordlinger.

Mrs. Frank A. Vickery of 341 Andrews boulevard was hostess Wednesday afternoon at the third of a series of card parties.

Mrs. Ferd. K. Rule of 427 South Alvarado street is in Paso Robles, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Lyman Brewster. She will visit in the northern city two or three weeks, returning to Los Angeles about the first of June.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene E. Hewlett and Mrs. Hewlett's sister, Miss Fore, are enjoying an automobile trip into Nevada. They left the earlier part of this week and will be absent several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Huntington of Oak Knoll have returned from a delightful visit to the Grand Canyon. They are contemplating a trip to the Yosemite Valley in the near future.

Members of the Cinquenta Club, recently organized by a number of the younger society folk, have issued invitations for a dancing party to be given at the Woman's club house, Thursday evening of next week. The club members include Misses Juana Creighton, Mary Bernard, Margaret Bartlett, Mathilde Bartlett, Beatrice Cutler, Callie Koster, Grace Carr, Nora Dickinson, Helen Dickinson, Marie Louise Freeze, Ethel Fraser, Rebecca Howard, Elsie Knecht, Irene Lowe, Henrietta Mossbacher, Lilly Olshausen, Carmelita Rosecrans, Alice Smith, Mabel Stuart, Marie Stocker, Lillian Teazel, Helen Updegraff, Nellie Vallety, Ethel Wyatt, Ethelyn Walker; Messrs. Harry Blackmore, Joseph Bernard, Roy

Choate, Ned Currier, Ezra Fish, Rey Rule, Harry Wyatt, Claude Wayne, Will Rosecrans, Jesse Gemmil, Horace King, A. Eckman, Robert Leonard, Irwin C. Lewis, George Mossbacher, J. W. Rice, Herbert N. Ritz, Robert Smith, Nat Head, Raymond Osborne, George H. Reed, Garretson Dulin, Elmer R. Jones, J. J. Freeman, Drs. John F. Curran, W. H. Horton and P. R. McArthur.

Miss Nano Whittlesey and Mr. Cecil N. Rosenthal were married Tuesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. R. T. Whittlesey, 1017 South Boyle avenue. The decorations were designed by Miss Waite and were unusually attractive. The bride was unattended. She wore a white lingerie gown and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. Mr. and Mrs. Rosenthal will enjoy a short wedding trip and then will go to one of the beaches for the summer months.

Mrs. Samuel Jackson Whitmore of Hotel Alexandria, with her young son, Master Jack Whitmore, has returned from a three weeks' outing at Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. J. W. Sharp and Mrs. C. U. Mandis of Oregon are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Ganahl of 316 Avenue 57.

Mrs. Edward L. Doheny of 8 Chester place will entertain, May 25, in compliment to her sister, Mrs. J. Crampton Anderson, whose birthday anniversary falls on that date.

Mrs. Matthew William Everhardy of Alvarado Terrace has issued invitations for the afternoon of May 17, when she will entertain with cards.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Hannah McDonald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gregory McDonald of 680 Bonnie Brae street, to Mr. Edwin A. Weegar, a prominent young business man of Norwood, N. Y. Date for the nuptials has not been set as yet.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Hatch have moved into their new home at 1848 Gramercy place, where Mrs. Hatch will receive Wednesdays.

Mrs. W. L. Graves Jr. of Fresno, who has been the guest for a fortnight of her parents, Judge and Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell of Arapahoe street, left the first of the week for her home. In July Mr. and Mrs. Graves will come to Los Angeles to pass a part of the summer season.

Dr. and Mrs. A. M. F. McCollough of 1111 South Alvarado street opened their home last evening for a dancing party given by the members of Beatty chapter, legal fraternity, Phi Delta Phi of the Los Angeles Law College. Messrs. Frank Duggan, John Phelps and Paul Nourse were the committee on arrangements.

Misses Edith and Stella McNair of 1411 South Hoover street left Monday of this week for New York, whence they will sail, May 26, for England to visit their aunt, Mrs. Fitzgerald-Henry. Later, in company with her, they will tour the continent in a motor car.

The many friends of Mrs. Robert J. Burdette will be glad to learn that she is recovering from the attack which seized her in Dr. Burdette's study in the Temple Auditorium, Tuesday evening. Dr. Burdette ascribes the temporary breakdown of his wife as due to the exceedingly busy trip east, from which they have just returned.

Judge Ernest W. Lewis of Phoenix, Ariz., is visiting his brother-in-law, Mr. William W. Orme, of 940 West Sixth street.

Mr. and Mrs. David Keith and their son, David Jr., of Salt Lake City, are guests at Hotel Alexandria. Mr. Keith is a wealthy mining and business man of Salt Lake.

Mrs. LeGrand Reed, a charming visitor to Los Angeles, who has been the house guest for several weeks of Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. McDonald of La Salle avenue, has taken apartments at Hotel Leighton.

Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Whitman have moved from 1848 Gramercy place into their new home at 1100 Mission road, where Mrs. Whitman will receive the first Wednesdays.

Mrs. Wilbur D. Campbell of 810 South Alvarado street is hostess this

Dr. Wells, Osteopath, 119½ S. Spring.

afternoon at a daintily appointed luncheon given for about thirty-five of her friends.

Major and Mrs. Ben C. Truman and their daughter, Miss Truman of Pasadena avenue are at Arrowhead Hot Springs for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George Birkel have moved into their new home at 2306 South Figueroa street, where Mrs. Birkel will receive Wednesdays.

Mr. and Mrs. Thilo Becker of St. Paul street are planning to entertain in the latter part of May with a musical.

Newest Ideas in Corsets at Newcomb's

There is a great deal of talk about the new corset shop at 531 South Broadway. The newest ideas in corsets that the fashion world has to offer will always be found at Newcomb's. They are right in harmony with what fashion calls for. "Every woman is odd," but they can fit you. Their fitters have experience and skill and take a great deal of pleasure in pleasing. They study their customer and sell the corset that will best show off the woman's figure. If this appeals to you and you are fastidious, try them and see if what is said is not true. The most conclusive evidence that this firm is succeeding is its constantly enlarging list of patrons. There is no circumstance or occasion of daily life in which you will not appear to the best advantage in a Vassar or Madeleine corset.

Automobilists at Arrowhead

Arrowhead Hot Springs has become a popular objective point for automobilists. The roads leading to it cannot be excelled anywhere in the world for beauty or smoothness. The distance is about sixty miles from Los Angeles, and every Saturday and Sunday from a dozen to three dozen gay automobile parties visit the resort and enjoy the luxuries of the great hotel. The directors have just decided to build a fine, modern fireproof garage to accommodate twenty machines.

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AT THE LOCAL THEATERS

"Our New Minister," a pastoral comedy in three acts, is giving the Burbank company an opportunity for relaxation this week. There is nothing new in this joint effort of Denman Thompson and George Ryer. It is pastoral drama with a vengeance—there are the admirable young minister, the generous, big-hearted old sheep who has strayed from the fold, the village constable, the village scapegrace, the village gossip and the village hypocrites. There is even the old squire who forecloses mortgages, though he isn't called upon to do so during the three acts. All the play lacks is the lachrymose person in black who has strayed from the straight and narrow way. In this instance the heroine is possessed of the seven virtues, and is not called upon to weep to any great extent. William Desmond, as the new minister, is warranted to make further inroads upon the hearts of his many admirers. With a scattering of diamond dust at his temples and a natty spring suit to enhance the effect of the perorations and proverbs which he springs upon a helpless audience, he leaves nothing to be desired. Lovell Alice Taylor, looking like a Harrison Fisher illustration and provoking murmurs of admiration from the audience for her charming appearance, is a winsome Esther Strong. Blanche Hall's forte is ingenue leads, and she does not let this week's opportunity slip by, but makes a somewhat shadowy part stand boldly out with a certain naive sweetness that is most appealing. Honors fall to Byron Beasley and John Burton, the former as an ex-convict, the latter as the bluff, kindly "lost sheep." In their different ways, these two characterizations are masterpieces, the work of Beasley being a triumph in make-up as well as delineation. Henry Stockbridge as a Bowery tough and Harry Mestayer as the eccentric constable are capital, but Frederick Gilbert is hopelessly melodramatic as the villain. The brief appearance of Willis Marks as an escaped convict is notable. It is too bad the audience does not wait for the glowing oration of the minister at the climax—it is encouraging to witness virtue triumphing over vice in so beautiful a manner. "Our New Minister" is not the best vehicle imaginable, but the Burbank company does wonderfully well in its respective parts and proves its versatility. Therefore, it would be hypercriticism to object to a 1909 calendar without even the January sheet torn off, when the action takes place in September—also to finding the product of a local firm blazoned on the front of a village store "way down east." But these are minor details.

Novelties at the Orpheum

Margaret Moffat successfully proved to Orpheum audiences this week her right to use the title "Awake at the Switch." It is a lively and amusing satire in which Miss Margaret, as the telephone girl in a New York hotel, assisted by Joseph Graybill, Louis Wood and a fat page, offer a fifteen-minute diversion that is warranted to efface all wrinkles. A capital mimic and pretty to boot, the fair Margaret is easily the best of the bill's attractions. Step, Melinger and King, in a banjo-piano-vocal turn, are mildly entertaining. A burlesque scene from "Dr. Syntax" is laugh-provoking. The pianist in a blonde wig and with a high falsetto voice, is unexpectedly funny. The Sandwinas are an interesting pair of athletes. Madame is built on Juno-esque lines and muscles her smaller spouse with apparent ease and without evincing the slightest exertion. It is a clean piece of art. Lew Sully, the old-time minstrel man, proves that he can still raise a laugh, although to the older generation in the audience his work is strongly reminiscent of other days. Miss Dunlap and Frank McCormack continue to please in the playlet, "The Night of the Wedding"—not a good title, by the way—in which little Viola Flugrath as the daughter of Dan, the truckman, adds not a little to the success of the piece. S. Miller Kent is as boisterously unpleasant as ever in the insipid "Marriage in a

Motor Car" sketch. It is utterly without merit, stupidly improbable and lacking in dramatic values. Joy Viola's dancing shows assiduous training; she is more technical than graceful. Only in the Brazilian dance with Senor Arnaud does her art appear spontaneous. Arnaud's work is particularly fine, unusually good, in fact. Amusing motion pictures are not among the least of the attractions this week.

Offerings Next Week

After one hundred consecutive performances, George Broadhurst's play, "The Dollar Mark," will be withdrawn from the Belasco Sunday night, and Monday the Belasco Theater Company will give the oft-deferred performance of Jerome K. Jerome's comedy, "Miss Hobbs." Miss Florence Reed, the new Belasco leading lady, who has been waiting for eight weeks to make her debut, will interpret the title role. The play will give the women of the company opportunity to display their



ARCADIA, AT THE ORPHEUM

ultra smart gowns, and Miss Reed, especially, is expected to prove a sartorial delight. Following "Miss Hobbs," the Belasco company will present "Beau Brummel," with Howard Scott in the role created by Mansfield.

Murray and Mack and their associates will give the first performance of the 1909 edition of their "Shooting the Chutes" at the Grand Opera House, Sunday afternoon. Charles Murray will impersonate the manager of an opera company with several side issues occupying his attention, and Mr. Mack will be seen as a milk dealer, who naturally visits a watering place, the scenes of "Shooting the Chutes" being located at a seaside resort. The musical numbers will include recent song successes, among them, "They All Take Off Their Hats to Mr. Murphy," "Sweetheart Town," "Love, Love, Love," "Mr. Moon, You Are Full Tonight," and many others. Following "Shooting the Chutes," Murray and Mack will offer "Finnegan's Ball."

"Playing the Ponies" will hold the Majestic stage the week beginning Sunday night and including Wednesday and Saturday matinees. This is the comedy in which Kolb and Dill opened their six months' engagement at the Princess Theater, San Francisco, and in which they won a great deal of success. Prominent in the cast, outside of Kolb and Dill, will be Adele Rafter, Albert Duncan, Sidney De Grey, Percy Bronson, Olga Stech, Marion Miller, and the show girls. There are at least a dozen musical numbers.

There are no fewer than eighteen musical numbers in "The Circus Girl," which the augmented Burbank stock company will present next week. The cast calls for thirty persons, and there will be a chorus of thirty-five. The production will be under the personal direction of Harry Girard, composer of "The Alaskan." During a circus scene William Desmond will fire a cannon into which John W. Burton has crawled (it is hoped the wire which



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Sat., May 15, 2:30, Chutes Park. Sun. A. M., 10:30, Vernon Park. Sun. P. M., 2:30, Chutes Park
May 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, Los Angeles vs. Portland.
Sun, 10:30 at Vernon Ball Park.
Wed., Thurs., Frid., Sat., Sunday afternoon, Chutes. Kid day Sat.
Ladies Free every day except Saturdays and Sundays.

will assist Mr. Burton in his skyward flight is good and strong); Henry Stockbridge will wrestle with Wayland Trask, Margo Duffet will appear as a slack wire walker, Gavin Young as a clown, Byron Beasley as the circus proprietor, and Frederick Gilbert as ring master. Miss Agnes Cain-Brown will make her debut locally in this comedy.

When a monologist heads an Orpheum bill, he is usually considered to be endowed with more than usual ability, and the appearance of Frank Fogarty, "The Dublin Minstrel," who heads the Orpheum's program for the week beginning Monday matinee, May 17, leads one to expect something better than the commonplace. Paul Sandor, the ventriloquist, comes with a circus which is said to be out of the ordinary. Sandor has trained a number of dogs to imitate the animals of the jungle and in their disguises, assisted by the Sandor voice, they are said to give a funny act. Fred Ray's players contribute the burlesque in a broad satire, "The Noblest Roman of Them All." Arcadia, a young singer and violinist, is said to be worth while. The holdovers are Margaret Moffat & Co., Gordon and Marx, and Step, Mehlinger and King, with new motion pictures.

Coming Behymer Attractions

"Athens, a Pilgrimage to Greece," will be the subject of Prof. B. R. Baumgardt's Sunday evening lecture, May 16, in Symphony Hall, Blanchard building. His topic for the Sunday evening following is "Sweden and the Swedes."

Hon. Joseph Folk, whose political

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career in Missouri brought him into the public eye, will lecture at Simpson Auditorium, May 22, under the auspices of the Entre Nous Club. In his talk he will dwell not on the reforms he has accomplished, but on the manner in which he has brought them about, and the experiences he has had in his efforts.

Much interest is being taken in the concert to be given Friday afternoon, May 21, at the Auditorium, by the Los

Angeles Symphony Orchestra and the Woman's Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Harley Hamilton. The managing editor of Musical America has wired his local representative to telegraph the results, financial and artistic. The Musical Courier has asked for a special report and the business managers of the prominent eastern orchestras have requested from Mr. Beymer complete reports of patronage, instrumentation and artistic results. There should be sufficient civic pride to bring together a large audience. The local concert will show one hundred and twenty-five players; the program has been carefully selected, and Madam Geneva Johnstone-Bishop, dramatic soprano, and Arnold Krauss, violin virtuoso, will be the soloists.

For the week of Monday, May 24, the Elks have arranged for a series of spectacular pyrotechnic events, the program being divided into sections.



ADELE RAFTER, PRIMA DONNA OF THE KOLB AND DILL CO.

Monday will be Elks' Night; Tuesday, Civic Night; Wednesday, Children's Night; Thursday, Ladies' Night; Friday, the Army and Navy; Saturday, Southern California. The seat sale will begin Monday, May 17.

Asides

After rumor has leased every available theater in Los Angeles to the Shubert Brothers, there is at last an authentic announcement that the well-known theatrical firm has taken the Auditorium for a period of ten years. Negotiations were conducted by telegraph through J. J. Shubert and W. S. Heineman of this city. As yet there has been no announcement of the attractions which are to play Los Angeles, but it is said the competition between Klaw & Erlanger and the Shuberts will be keen enough to warrant good theatrical fare for local play patrons.

Baseball fans are beginning to sit up

and take notice when the Vernon team comes around. Last week the team won four straight games from Oakland, and three of them were shut-outs. Wednesday afternoon they played a twelve-inning tie game with Portland, which had to be called on account of darkness. Happy Hogan, the ubiquitous captain, manager and catcher of the Vernons, is certainly steering them on toward that coveted first place. Competition is keen this season, and therefore the baseball is of the best. Capt. Graham, of the Sacramento, is doing wonders with his aggregation, and Beall, who left the White Sox for the Angels, is making quite a stir with his capital work on the local team.

At last shall the blushing matinee maiden be given a chance to admire her divinities at close distance and even waltz a dreamy measure with the adorable Lewis Stone, the handsome William Desmond, the sartorially im-

Hamburger's Majestic Theater Broadway, Between 8th and 9th WEEK OF MAY 16 MATINEE WEDNESDAY MATINEE SATURDAY FOURTH PACKED WEEK OF "THE MEN BEHIND THE LAUGH"

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Murray & Mack

SHOOTING THE CHUTES

Regular matinees Tuesday, Saturday and Sunday.
To Follow: "FINNEGAN'S BALL."

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COMMENCING MATINEE, MONDAY, MAY 17
Frank Fogarty,
"The Dublin Minstrel"
Sandor's Cirque,
Unique Canine Novelty
Fred Ray's Players,
"The Noblest Roman of All"
Hawthorne & Burt,
Vaudeville Comicalities

Matinee
Today

Arcadia,
Violiniste and Vocalist
Margaret Moffat & Co.,
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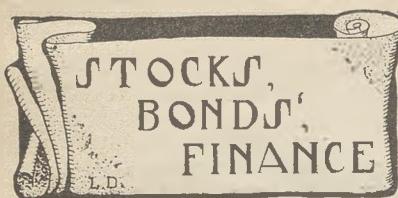
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Price movements continue weak, unreliable and heavy in the local securities markets. Brokers who have been in the business the best part of a decade declare that a situation such as exists never before has found lodgment here.

Union and its affiliated securities, the Edisons, bonds as well as the stocks, have gone begging all week, so that about Wednesday afternoon they were a drug. The market has simply been without orders practically for nearly a month, and the future does not appear to be at all bright. Edison common has broken six points since last report, due to a suspension of dividends on the stock.

Several of the very best of the bank stocks appear to have taken on sudden animation, and First National, which has been nerveless since early in the new year, is reported as selling at pretty nearly the highest prices in its history this week. Blocks of the stock are said to have been turned over at \$445 a share. Citizens National continues steady and in good demand, while there has been a lot of trading recently in Central National at \$150 and up to \$155 a share.

With the exception of Associated Oil 5's, the bond list has been featureless for a long time. The company's proposed new financing has placed a real foundation under its bonds, at the expense, apparently, of the stock.

Nearly all of the cheaper oils remain firm with some of these issues having been boomed out of all reason.

Fullerton Oil, which less than five years ago went begging at 6 cents a share, has sold as high as \$1.12 this week. The company is said to be almost ready for a juicy melon cutting, to be distributed at an early day.

Rice Ranch has declared a 1 per cent dividend, payable in June. The shares, which have been asleep a long time, are showing signs of reawakening. In the heyday of its popularity, Rice sold as high as \$3.50 a share. Afterward the price eased off to 50 cents.

Clark Copper continues the most attractive purchase in the speculative mining list. The several Goldfield issues as well as the Boston coppers remain depressed.

Money rules easy with a banking tendency to release funds conservatively for speculative purposes.

Banks and Banking

Reorganized and with greatly augmented capital, the First National Bank of El Centro opened its doors Wednesday with Leroy Holt as president, True Vencill as vice-president and J. V. Wachtel Jr. as cashier. All of the officers of the bank are well and favorably known to residents of the valley, Mr. Holt having been president of the First National of Imperial for years. Mr. Vencill has been prominent in banking circles since making the valley his home three years ago, and Mr. Wachtel for ten years, and until recently occupied a responsible position with the Farmers and Merchants National Bank of Los Angeles. The list of stockholders contains the names of a large number of the most prominent business men of the valley. Following is the personnel of the bank's directorate: Leroy Holt, W. F. Holt, True Vencill, Harold Bell Wright, Fred Fuller, George D. Abrams and J. V. Wachtel Jr. The capital of the bank having been oversubscribed, it will immediately be increased to \$50,000. Messrs. Carter and Lathrop, of the Valley State Bank of El Centro, have resigned from the directorate of the First National Bank, have sold their stock to other stockholders, and there is no connection between the two institutions. It is stated that the affairs of the Valley State Bank will be settled at an early date, the depositors being paid in full.

In the last three weeks of stock market activity, outstanding loans of the New York trust companies have increased \$43,000,000, as against \$18,400,000 increase by the associated banks, notes the New York Post. Six years ago, when twenty-seven trust companies abandoned their clearing house

privileges because the banks wanted them to carry a 5 per cent reserve, the trust companies of New York and Brooklyn reported total loans of \$554,961,000, which was 63 per cent of the loans then reported by the clearing house banks. Last Saturday, trust company loans stood at \$1,028,231,900, which was 76 per cent of what the banks carried. For every dollar that the banks have loaned out today, the trust companies have seventy-five cents similarly invested. That this ratio has been wholly abnormal is shown by the fact that those institutions, since the beginning of 1903, have expanded loans 85 per cent, as against an increase for the banks in the same interval of only 41 per cent. When the trust companies had their memorable fight with the banks in 1903, they showed an actual cash reserve of \$8,003,566, or a trifle over 1 per cent of deposits; just before the reserve law of April 27, 1906, became effective, this accumulation had grown to \$19,080,628, which was a little less than 2 per cent of deposits. With the rigid 15 per cent reserve requirement now in full force, the companies have \$129,892,700 cash in hand, besides an additional \$10,000,000 reserve in bank under the allowance for Brooklyn institutions. How have they managed loan expansion under such conditions? Perhaps the change from the syndicate operations as practiced by the companies before the panic, contains the explanation.

According to the report made by the comptroller of the currency, the ten national banks of Los Angeles at the close of business, April 28, had resources, loans and discounts of \$31,028,162; lawful money reserve in bank, \$6,250,007; legal tenders, notes, \$7,882,103; liabilities, individual deposits, \$33,623,116, and percentage of legal reserve to deposits, 33.44.

Directors of the Central National Bank at a meeting held the earlier part of the week elected to membership in the directorate, Dean Mason, son of the late president of the institution. It was decided to postpone action in the choosing of a successor to George Mason.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Long Beach councilmen have instructed City Engineer Dewey to prepare plans, specifications and estimates of the cost of improving the harbor frontage to the city by the Los Angeles Dock and Terminal Company. The cost of building both a freight and passenger wharf will be included. Bonds in the sum of \$250,000 will be issued to cover the expense of the projected improvement.

Election will be held by the electors of the Pomona city school district, June 3, when consideration will be given the question of issuing and selling bonds of said district in the sum of \$85,000 for the purpose of purchasing school lots, erecting buildings, etc. The bonds will bear interest at the rate of 4½ per cent.

Contract for the Sierra Madre gas bond issue of \$30,000 has been awarded to S. S. Forney, bonds being sold at par. The transaction is held in abeyance pending the passing on the legality of the issue by the counsel for the purchaser.

Members of the Glendale city council have passed resolutions to call an election for the voting on bonds in the sum of \$60,000, to be used in the acquisition, construction and completion of a municipal electric light works.

Santa Barbara councilmen have ordered a bond election called to raise funds for defraying expenses of the projected improvements at Booth Point, a through thoroughfare, and for the acquisition of the inner harbor.

Imperial citizens have voted bonds in

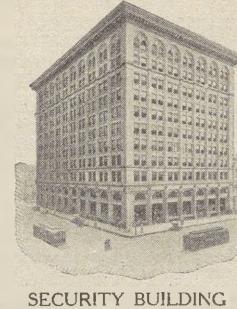
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CRESCENT ART GLASS CO., 768 S. Los Angeles St., Leaded glass. F 5373. B 2599

ATTORNEYS

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307 Bullard Block. Home A 1568

E. L. HUTCHINSON, 225-26 Douglas bldg.
All courts, general practice; notary; office
never closed. Telephone Home A1417.

PAUL E. USSHER, 501-2 Stimson building,
Cor. Third and Spring. Home Phone A3538.

BIRD STORE

POTTER'S BIRD AND BOOK STORE.
Aviary, cage birds supplies. 324 W. Sixth.

BOOKS, STATIONERY & PICTURES

BAKER WUEST CO., 516 S. Broadway.

JONES BOOK STORE, 226 W. First St.

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Get our Book. See us for plans. BUNGALOW CRAFT CO., 403 Chamber of Commerce.

BUSINESS COLLEGES

WOODBURY BUSINESS COLLEGE, Hamburger Bldg., 320 W. 8th. E. K. Isaacs, Pres.

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FOREST LAWN CEMETERY,
304 Wright & Callender Bldg.

COLLECTIONS

INTERNATIONAL COLLECTING COMPANY,
314-17 International Bank Bldg.

CLEANING TAILOR

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Work called for and delivered.

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Severance bldg. F 1965, Main 2298.
Our perfection plates the best ever.

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M 48-Ex. 48. 542 S. Spring St.

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Choice Cut Flowers for all occasions.

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Established 1854. M 3808

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BRIGDEN & PEDERSEN, 507 S. Spring St. F 1117, M 6459

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MONUMENTS made to order; lowest prices.
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Every branch of Patent business throughout the world.

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U. S. and Foreign Patents.
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SCHOOL OF MUSIC

THE LYRIC. All Branches of Music Taught.
732 S. Olive St. F 6754. B 2995.

TIMBER LANDS

WALTER ARMSTRONG,
830 H. W. Hellman Bldg. M 5355-A 5355.

TRUNKS AND SUIT CASES

G. U. WHITNEY, 228 So. Main St.

the sum of \$50,000 to be used in the building of a sewer system. Plans for the system have been approved, the engineers being Olmstead & Gillelen of this city.

South Pasadena will hold a special election May 28 to vote on a petition for annexation of a small strip of county land in Arroyo Seco to be used as eastern approach to the new bridge.

Stockholders of the Alamitos Water Company have voted to issue bonds in the amount of \$200,000 to use in enlarging the system.

Out West's Capital Special Number

Too much cannot be said in praise of the special number of Out West magazine, just issued. It is devoted to Los Angeles; to the establishment, the upbuilding and the present progress of the city. "The Making of Los Angeles," by Charles F. Lummis, is the leading article. Aside from the interest of the story of the early days, the narrative shows careful research by the author into the pioneer history of Los Angeles and its most prominent upbuilders. Particularly noteworthy are the many illustrations which depict the city as a whole, and certain sections, in the early days, reaching as far back as 1850. The frontispiece, which is of Los Angeles about the date mentioned, shows a few scattered buildings studded in a broad expanse of desert-like country. A print taken in 1857 displays the picturesque adobe architecture then prevalent, a few of which buildings still stand in the old portion of the city known as Sonora-town, as marks of pioneer Los Angeles. The Plaza church, as it was in 1857, is reproduced from an old print, and stands as a lonely sentinel at the base of an imposing foothill. Typically Mexican in style are the greater number of the early residences shown, and corners of the city, where now tower magnificent eight, ten and twelve story business blocks, figure as sites for prettily suburban homes. An interesting contribution is an article, "Echoes From the Old Courts," by Willoughby Rodman. Charles Amadon Moody in "Chips From the Workshop of History," writes entertainingly of the golden days of Los Angeles, making mention of a few of the pioneer families, including the Macys, a daughter, now Mrs. S. C. Foy, then Miss Lucinda, a belle of the late fifties. His article is also interestingly illustrated with pictures of Los Angeles in its early days. Under the title, "Makers of Los Angeles," are photographs of many of the prominent men of the city, with personal sketches of each.

Gleason Lecture Next Week

Tuesday evening, May 18, Herbert W. Gleason of Boston, Mass., will lecture at the Woman's Club House on "The Canadian Alps" and "The Sierras," with stereopticon views illustrating his talk. Mr. Gleason is a photographer of unusual merit, and a writer of marked ability. Many of his pictures have required not only a vast amount of patience to evolve, but have been taken from precarious points. His specialty is mountain scenery, the views ranging from chains of snow-clad peaks to the smallest of mountain birds and flowers. Through the east his entertaining lectures have been greeted with unanimous approval from the critics. He has been heard before in Los Angeles, having lectured here about two years ago at the Friday Morning Club, and at the Polytechnic High School. The Graphic can assure its readers of high-grade work at the hands of Mr. Gleason.

Los Angelans at Coronado

Los Angeles folk registering at Hotel del Coronado the week ending May 10 included Mr. Winthrop E. Lester, Mr. K. B. Van Woerle, Mrs. L. M. Schofield, Dr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. Allan C. Balch, Mrs. William H. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Rowe, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Von Ache, Mr. and Mrs. George Fassell and child, Mr. J. F. Perry, Mr. E. E. Sutherland, Mr. M. E. Van Horn, Mr. F. M. Saunders, Mr. Edward Linthicum, Mr. Harrison Albright, Mr. Robert Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. H. Edwin Moore, Mr. H. Edwin Moore Jr., Mr. F. B. Jordan, Mr. O. T. Johnson, Mrs. Aberdeen, Miss Aberdeen, Mrs. Button, Mrs. Porteous, Mrs. W. M. Sherman, Mrs. Henry Hoehn, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Brown, Mr. Henry Ohlmeier, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Gibbons and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Tyler.

A young man was left at his father's death a snug sum of money. Realizing that the money came pretty easy, he started in with extravagant living, until the wife seeing that the money was being spent in channels showing no return, and realizing that in time they would have neither home nor money, she persuaded the husband to give her a part of what was left. She immediately invested this with the Los Angeles Investment Company in her name, and gave orders to have all the quarterly cash dividends reinvested in additional stock. The husband did not know how the money had been invested, as he was too busy spending what he had left. Finally, he awoke to the realization that money was about gone, he was without a home, except a rented one, and without work.

The foresight of the wife saved them from want, as her investment has grown to an amount sufficient to pay for a nice five room bungalow in the College Tract and leave a good balance for use until the husband finds employment.

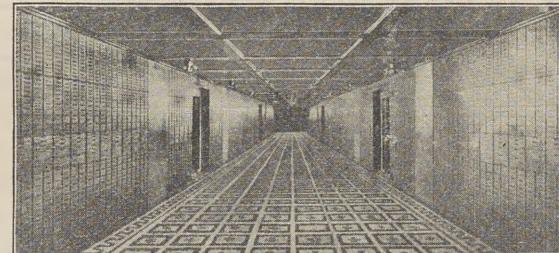
Many wives have saved from their household money, and invested it in stock in this Co-operative Building Company each week or month, from which they have built up a home fund.

Los Angeles Investment Company

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Capital and Surplus \$2,500,000.00

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On sale May 15, 16, 20, 21, 22, 31, June 1 to 4, 14 to 19, 25 to 27, inc., June 24 and 29 to St. Paul only, July 1 to 7, inc., Aug. 9 to 13, inc., Sept. 7 to 10, 13 to 15, inc.

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Kansas City.....	60.00	St. Louis	67.50
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Eastern LOW RATE Excursions

Commence May 15th, and continue on various dates until September. Get particulars at any Ticket Office or at 611 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, and arrange to go

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Three daily through trains from Denver, east, morning, noon and night, commencing May 23rd.

Through Tourist Sleepers

To Boston, Chicago, Omaha—every Tuesday, Wednesday, Saturday via Coast Line, Salt Lake, Scenic Colorado.

To Chicago, Omaha and East—every day via Salt Lake Route, Scenic Colorado, Denver.

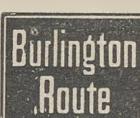
To St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joe—every Monday via Coast Line, every Tuesday via Salt Lake Route, Scenic Colorado.

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